

No. 8



# BATMAN

DEC.  
JAN.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



# ANOTHER MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

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Following is a complete list of the  
magazines which comprise the  
**SUPERMAN DC Comic Group:**

**ACTION COMICS**

**DETECTIVE COMICS**

**ADVENTURE COMICS**

**MORE FUN COMICS**

**STAR SPANGLED COMICS**

**ALL-AMERICAN COMICS**

**FLASH COMICS**

**SUPERMAN**

**BATMAN**

**ALL-STAR COMICS**

**ALL FLASH QUARTERLY**

**WORLD'S FINEST COMICS**

**GREEN LANTERN**

**W**HEN we announced the formation of our Editorial Advisory Board in all our publications last month, we really did not expect such a wonderful reaction. We are receiving letters every day from every state in the union, from people in every walk of life, complimenting us on our selection and thanking us for our efforts in providing the boys and girls of America with clean, wholesome, comic entertainment.

It makes us very happy, indeed, to see that the majority of these letters are written and sent to us by the parents of our readers and our Editorial Advisory Board joins us in expressing our appreciation.

We welcome, at all times, letters from our readers as well as their parents and we hope that many more of you will write us.

This month we take great pleasure in introducing two more members of our Editorial Advisory Board.

**Dr. William Moulton Marston**, the well-known consulting psychologist, received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University. He has been a lecturer in psychology at the Universities of Columbia, New York and Southern California, and director of the Psychological Clinic at Tufts College. He is a frequent contributor to such outstanding magazines as *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Readers' Digest*.

Our other new member of the Editorial Advisory Board is **Dr. W. W. Sones**, Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sones is also a consultant of the Pennsylvania State Department of Education and the Carnegie Foundation for Teachers.

Sincerely,

The Publishers



**THIS TRADEMARK IS  
YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST IN  
COMIC READING**

P.S. Miss Josette Frank, of the Child Study Association recently made a radio address, over station WABC and the Columbia Network on the subject of "CHILDREN'S COMICS." A copy of this address will be sent without charge to those readers or parents requesting it.

# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN



STARTLING NEWS HEADLINES  
THE MORNING PAPERS...



RUSSO CONFERES WITH HIS LAWYER  
IN A POLICE STATION CELL

IT LOOKS BAD,  
MIKE--THEYVE  
GOT TOO  
MUCH ON  
YOU?

YEAH? I KNOW!  
BUT I BEEN  
THINKING--AND  
I GOT ME A  
TERRIFIC IDEAT  
NOW YOU LISTEN..



BIG MIKE RUSSO'S TRIAL IS A  
SWIFT ONE...

...AND IT IS  
THE DUTY OF  
THIS COURT TO  
SENTENCE YOU  
TO TWENTY  
YEARS OF  
IMPRISONMENT  
IN THE STATE  
PRISON--

THAT'S  
OKAY WITH  
ME JUDGE--  
I BEEN  
NEEDIN'  
A VACATION  
ANYWAY!



AND SO  
BIG MIKE  
RUSSO  
GOES TO  
PRISON ON  
THE EAST  
RIVER...



WARDEN HIGGINS GREET'S HIS NEW  
CHARGE...

RUSSO, YOU  
WERE A BIG SHOT  
ONCE--BUT THAT WAS  
OUTSIDE THESE  
WALLS--NOW  
YOU'RE INSIDE--  
REMEMBER THAT,  
AND DON'T EXPECT  
ANY PRIVILEGES!

TOO BAD! I  
THOUGHT I MIGHT  
HAVE ME AFTERNOON  
TEA SAVED YA ME-  
TCH-TCH! I GOT  
SORTA USED TO IT,  
TOO!



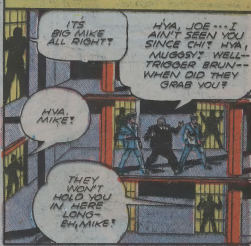
THE NEWS OF BIG MIKE'S CAPTURE  
HAS TRAVELED VIA THE PRISON...

IT'S  
BIG MIKE  
ALL RIGHT?

HYA, JOE... I  
AIN'T SEEN YOU  
SINCE CHI? HYA,  
MUGGSY? WELL--  
TRIGGER BRUN--  
WHEN DID THEY  
GRAB YOU?

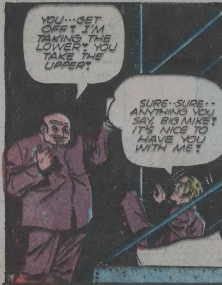
HYA,  
MIKE?

THEY  
WON'T  
HOLD YOU  
IN HERE  
LONG--  
EH, MIKE?



YOU--GET  
OFF! I'M  
TAKING THE  
LOWER! YOU  
TAKE THE  
UPPER!

SURE--SURE--  
ANYTHING YOU  
SAY, BIG MIKE!  
IT'S NICE TO  
HAVE YOU  
WITH ME!



AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT,  
THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR  
MIKE'S IMPRISONMENT SPEAKS  
TO HIS YOUNG AIDE--

WELL--YOU  
FINALLY PUT  
MIKE RUSSO  
WHERE HE  
BELONGS!

YES--AND  
I THINK THIS  
MEANS THE  
END OF HIS  
ACTIVITIES!



BUT THE NEXT DAY AS  
WARDEN HIGGINS DRIVES BACK  
FROM THE CITY TOWARD THE JAIL--

HENRY--YOU'RE  
GOING THE  
WRONG WAY  
TO---  
WHAAA?

I'M NOT  
HENRY--  
AND WE'RE  
GOING THE  
RIGHT WAY!  
NOW SIT BACK  
AND RELAX  
TILL MY PAIS  
GET HERE!





SOMETIME LATER--IN A HIDDEN ROOM--



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

MAYBE--THAT'S RIGHT, MAC. THAT EYEBROW GOES UP A LITTLE THERE--YEAH--NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!

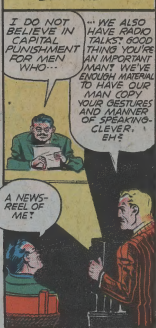
MOMENTS AFTER--TWO WARDEN HIGGINS STAND IN THE ROOM!



A CLEVER MAKEUP JOB--BUT YOU'LL NEVER FOOL ANYBODY--WHAT ABOUT VOICE AND GESTURES?

WE'RE TAKING CARE OF THAT, TOO! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!

THE LIGHTS WINK OUT AND--

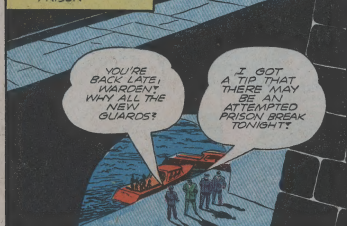


I DO NOT BELIEVE IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT FOR MEN WHO--

"WE ALSO HAVE RADIO TALKS! GOOD THING YOU'RE AN IMPORTANT MAN! WE'VE ENOUGH MATERIAL TO HAVE OUR MAN COPY YOUR GESTURES AND MANNER OF SPEAKING--CLEVER, EH?"

A NEWS-REEL OF ME!

LATER THAT EVENING--TWO BOATS PULL UP BEFORE THE ISLAND PRISON--



YOU'RE BACK LATE, WARDEN! WHY ALL THE NEW GUARDS?

I GOT A TIP THAT THERE MAY BE AN ATTEMPTED PRISON BREAK TONIGHT!

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS, THE NEW GUARDS MOVE FAST--AND THIS SCENE IS DUPLICATED MANY TIMES IN THE DEATH HOUSE WING--



GET 'EM UP!

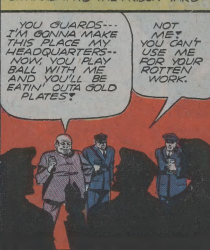
HUH?

HYA, BOSS! EVERYTHING WORKED LIKE A CHARM--WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FEET?

AL--IF I DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WAS, I'D SAY YOU WAS HIGGINS HIMSELF! OH! MY FEET! THESE PRISON SHOES!--NOW I CAN PUT ON SOME SOFT SHOES!



THE PRISON GUARDS ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR GUNS AND HERDED FORWARD INTO THE PRISON YARD--



YOU GUARDS--- I'M GONNA MAKE THIS PLACE MY HEADQUARTERS-- NOW, YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE EATIN' OUTTA GOLD PLATES!

NOT ME! YOU CAN'T USE ME FOR YOUR ROTTEN WORK.

A SHOT CRASHES THROUGH THE SILENT NIGHT--



THAT'S WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO OTHER QUITTERS! NOW--YOU WANNA THROW IN WITH ME--? THINK IT OVER!

WHAT'RE  
WE GONNA  
DO ABOUT  
THIS GUY,  
BOSS?

SAY ONE OF  
PRISONERS GOT  
A GUN AND  
IN TRYING TO  
ESCAPE SHOT  
THIS GUY--NOW  
LET'S GET OVER  
TO 'MURDERERS'  
ROW!

MURDERERS' ROW--WHERE CONDEMNED  
KILLERS AWAIT EXECUTION--

THE  
BIG  
SHOT  
HIMSELF!

BOYS!  
I GOT A  
PROPOSITION  
FOR YA!

MIKE EXPLAINS HIS PLANS  
TO USE THE PRISON AS  
HIS HEADQUARTERS WHILE  
THE MEN OF MURDERERS'  
ROW GO OUT AND PULL  
BIG JOBS---

SURE--  
WE'LL THROW  
IN WITH  
YA, MIKE---

GOOD! I'M  
ONLY LETTING  
YOU BOYS IN  
ON THIS--IF  
THE OTHER  
PRISONERS  
FOUND OUT--  
WORD MIGHT  
GET OUTSIDE--

JUST  
CONTINUE  
TO ACT  
LIKE  
CONDEMNED  
MEN AND  
EVERYTHING  
WILL BE  
OKAY!

AND SO, WITHIN  
A WEEK, THE CITY  
IS SHAKEN BY A  
SERIES OF BOLD  
ROBBERIES---



AFTER EACH  
ROBBERY, THE  
CRIMINALS  
ABANDON THEIR  
STOLEN CARS,  
AND PILE INTO  
FLEET MOTOR  
LAUNCHES ON THE  
EAST RIVER--

...AND SOON MAKE GOOD  
THEIR ESCAPE!

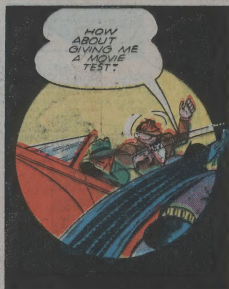
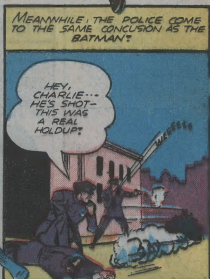
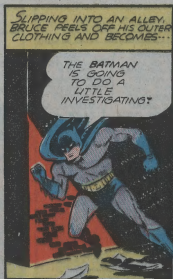
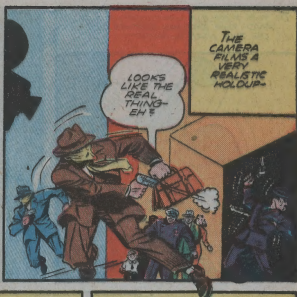
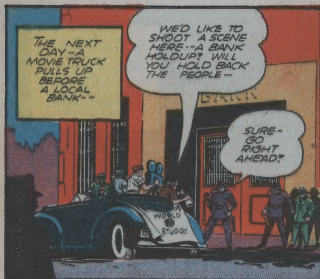
GONE  
AGAIN!  
WHERE DID  
THEY  
GO?

IT'S A CINH  
THEY CAN'T  
BE SEEKING  
REFUGE ON  
NORTH ISLAND  
THAT'S ONE  
PLACE THEY'RE  
SURE TO STAY  
AWAY FROM!

HOW  
DID IT  
GO?  
BOYS?

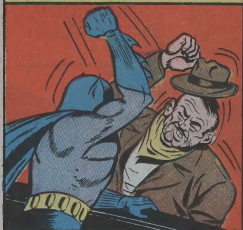
WE MADE  
A BIG HAUL  
TONIGHT AND  
THOSE COPS  
ARE STILL  
LOOKING FOR  
US!



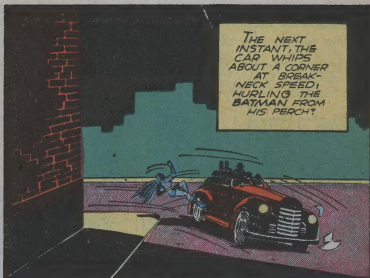




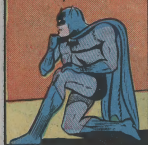
IN THE TUSSELE, A HANDKERCHIEF FALLS  
AND THE BATMAN CATCHES A GLIMPSE  
OF THE MAN'S FACE---



THE NEXT  
INSTANT, THE  
CAR WHIPS  
ABOUT A CORNER  
AT BREAK  
NECK SPEED,  
HURLING THE  
BATMAN FROM  
HIS PERCH!



SOMETHING'S  
WRONG? THAT  
GUNMAN IS  
TRIGGER SHERMAN--  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
ON NORTH ISLAND  
PRISON- WAITING  
FOR EXECUTION-



THE BATMAN VISITS  
COMMISSIONER GORDON--

--AND TRIGGER  
SHERMAN IS IN  
THE SAME PRISON  
THAT BIG MIKE  
RUSSO IS IN! AND  
THOSE ROBBERIES  
LATELY ALL BEAR  
THE STAMP OF WILLY  
MIKE!

RUSSO BEHIND ALL  
THIS? IMPOSSIBLE!  
TO PROVE  
YOU'RE  
WRONG, I'LL  
TAKE YOU  
TO THE  
PRISON  
MYSELF--



AND SO--LATER THAT DAY---

THE  
PRISON  
SEEMS TO  
BE IN  
ORDER,  
WARDEN!

PERHAPS IT'S  
BECAUSE I SENT  
THEM HERE!

BATMAN--  
YOU DON'T  
SEEM VERY  
POPULAR!

THE  
BATMAN--  
BOO!

BOO!  
BATMAN!



BATMAN--  
HERE'S  
TRIGGER  
SHERMAN!

HELLO,  
TRIGGER!  
HOW ARE  
THEY TREATING  
YOU?

JUST DANDY!  
YOU GOTTA  
EXCUSE ME  
NOW --I  
GOTTA PUT  
ON ME  
TUXEDO SO'S  
I CAN GO TO  
THE POLICEMEN'S  
BALL!



BIG MIKE RUSSO RECEIVES THE VISITORS

WELL--  
THE BATMAN  
AND COMMISSIONER  
GORDON? THIS  
IS AN  
HONOR!

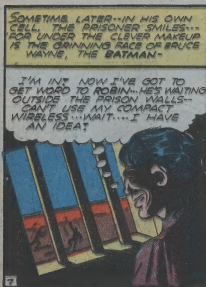
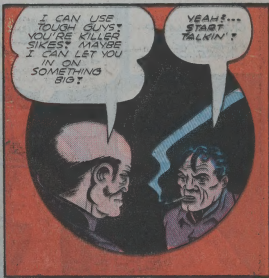
TOO BAD  
I CAN'T  
SAV THE  
SAME!



SUDDENLY THE BATMAN  
RIVETS HIS KEEN EYES ON  
RUSSO'S FEET ---







THE BATMAN WAITS TILL THE RIGHT PITCH COMES ALONG, AND THEN----



---A SMALL FIGURE DARTS TOWARD THE BOUNCING BALL AND SNAGGING IT, RACES AWAY!

THE BATMAN SAID HIS MESSAGE WOULD COME OVER THE WALL SOMEWAY-- THIS MUST BE IT!



THAT NIGHT---

OKAY, YOU GUYS-- YOU OOT YOUR ORDERS. KILLER, THIS IS YOUR FIRST JOB, WITH ME. LETS SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

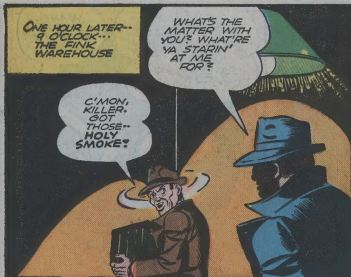
DON'T WORRY-- YOU'LL SEE PLENTY BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER!



ONE HOUR LATER-- 9 O'CLOCK--- THE PINK WAREHOUSE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT'RE YA STARIN' AT ME FOR?

C'MON, KILLER. GOT THOSE-- HOLY SMOKE?



YOUR FACE-- ITS MELTIN'!

THAT AIN'T HIS FACE? IT'S MAKEUP--THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THAT LIGHT BULB HE'S STANDIN' UNDER MELTED IT!



THE BATMAN'S HAND DARTS SWIFTLY TO THE LIGHT SWITCH, AND---

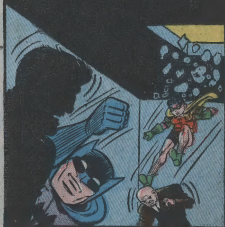
...WHERE IS THAT GUY?

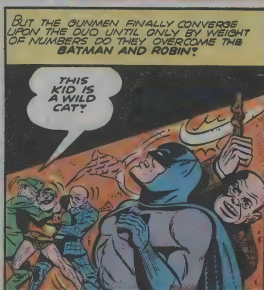
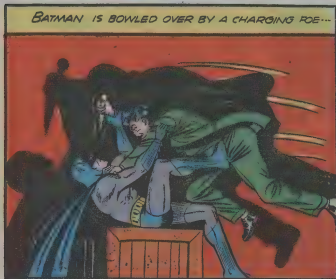
RIGHT HERE, CHUM!

THE BATMAN!



THEN PLUNGING INTO THE ROOM IS ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER---





LATER WHEN THE BATMAN OPENS  
PAINED EYES--

WHAT...  
WHAT IS  
THIS?

A CELL, PAL---  
YOU PUT PLENTY  
OF MY BOYS IN  
THEM, BROTHER.  
NOW YOU'RE GOING  
TO PAY FOR IT--

YOU'RE GOING TO  
DIE--JUST LIKE MY  
MEN DIED. TOO BAD  
THIS STATE HAS NO  
ELECTRIC CHAIR--BUT  
I'LL BE CONTENT WITH  
SEEING YOU KICK OFF,  
IN A GAS CHAMBER! YOU KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENS  
THERE--

THESE "EGGS" HIT A PAN  
OF WATER--THEY  
CRACKLE--FIZZ  
AND LET OFF AN  
ODORLESS, COLORLESS  
GAS. IN A FEW  
SECONDS YOU'RE  
DEAD AND WITH  
NO PAIN. BUT--  
GUESS WHAT  
I'M GOING TO  
DO WITH YOU?

YOU  
INTEND  
TO DROP  
ONLY  
ONE GAS  
PELLET  
SO MINE WILL  
BE A LINGERING  
DEATH, EH?

RIGHT--"PAL"  
HAW-HAW--  
AND I'M LETTIN'  
YOU HAVE YOUR  
LAST SUPPER?

THEY  
MADE  
ME DO  
THIS?

ROBIN!

ENJOYED IT, EH?  
OKAY--NOW YOUR  
LAST WORDS TO  
ROBIN AND OFF  
WE GO TO THE  
GAS CHAMBER!

MY LAST  
WORDS?...  
I WISH I HAD  
A BURPO  
SELTZER TABLET!  
I THINK I ATE  
TOO MUCH! MY  
STOMACH'S BOTHERING  
ME----

HUH?

IT IS A SORELY DISAPPOINTED  
ROBIN WHO IS ALLOWED TO GO  
FOR THE BURPO SELTZER TABLETS--

"LAST WORDS--HUH? WE  
AREN'T EVER GOING TO SEE  
EACH OTHER AGAIN, AND ALL HE  
CAN ASK FOR IS STOMACH TABLETS--  
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!"

BATMAN GETS HIS TABLETS?

GOOD OLD  
SELTZER TABLET!  
NOTICE, ROBIN!  
HOW IT HITS THE  
WATER AND  
FIZZES--GOOD  
FOR THE  
STOMACH, THIS?

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH  
HIM? HE  
ISN'T HIMSELF!  
UNLESS--  
MAYBE HE'S  
TRYING TO  
SEND ME A  
MESSAGE--  
BURPO SELTZER  
TABLETS--I  
WONDER IF HE  
MEANS--?

ROBIN IS LED AWAY FROM  
THE CONDEMNED BATMAN--

SO...  
SO  
LONG,  
BATMAN!

GOOD BYE,  
ROBIN! THANKS  
FOR THE TABLETS--  
I FEEL MUCH  
BETTER-- YOU  
OUGHT TO TAKE  
THEM SOMETIME,  
TOO!



A FLOOR BELOW, A STEEL DOOR CLOSES-- ROBIN HAS BEEN PUT IN SOLITARY?

OKAY-- SMART KID-- LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THERE!

A BARE STEEL ROOM? ABOVE A TINY VENTILATOR-- NO KEYHOLE ON THE DOOR

CLOP  
CLOP

THERE'S NO WAY OUT--NO KEYHOLE--NOTHING BUT STEEL WALLS. WAIT... WHAT'S THAT?... FOOTSTEPS?

FOOTSTEPS? THE BATMAN MARCHING TOWARD HIS DOOM--THE GAS CHAMBER.

GAS CHAMBER

BELOW--ROBIN GROWS FRANTIC! HOW CAN HE ESCAPE FROM AN ESCAPE-PROOF CELL?

GOT TO GET OUT-- IF I COULD ONLY MOVE THAT BOLT OUTSIDE---NEED A MAGNET FOR THAT--- MAGNET--I'VE GOT IT--- MY BELT-- WIRELESS SET-- DYNAMO?

NOTE-- A DYNAMO CONSISTS OF A MAGNET WITH WIRE AROUND IT?

GOOD THING DYNAMO MAGNETS ARE THE MOST POWERFUL IN THE WORLD-- NOW--MOVE THE LATCH UP LIKE THIS!

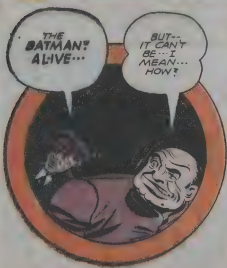
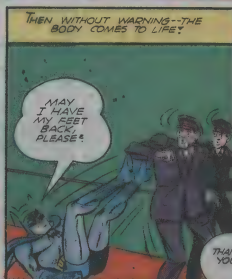
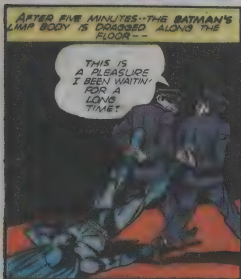
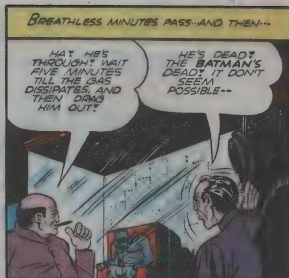
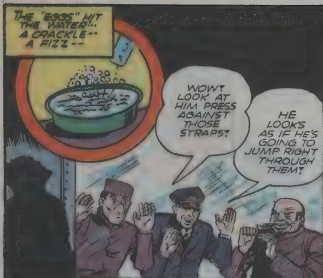
NOTE:  
LATCH  
LOCKED OPEN

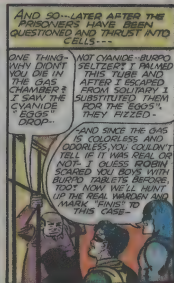
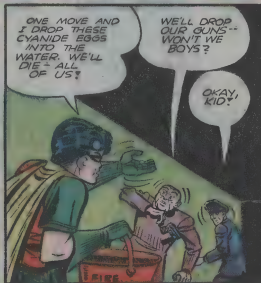
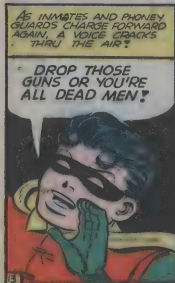
PUT THE CYANIDE EGGS ON THE RELEASE, JOE! WE'RE ALL SET NOW!

THE BATMAN IS BEING STRAPPED IN THE CHAIR-- CAN ROBIN ESCAPE IN TIME TO SAVE THE BATMAN?

MINUTES PASS-- CRIMINALS EAGERLY OBSERVE, AS THEIR NEMESIS THE BATMAN IS ABOUT TO DIE!

IT TOOK ME, MIKE RUSSO, TO END THE CAREER OF THE GREAT BATMAN? HA-HA!





# THE WINNING TEAM!

## BATMAN

AND

## ROBIN

BATTLE THEIR WAY  
THROUGH FAST  
AND FANTASTIC  
ENCOUNTERS WITH

*The World's Worst*  
(AND THEREFORE BEST!)

VILLAINS  
EVERY MONTH

IN

DETECTIVE COMICS!



"I'll be seeing you on  
the screen... with more  
thrills than ever before!"

Yes, the world's greatest  
adventure strip character  
is now the movies' great-  
est action hero. Ask the  
manager of your favorite  
theatre when "SUPERMAN"  
is coming to your town!

SEE how the Man of  
Steel came from the plan-  
et Krypton and devel-  
oped his wonderful speed,  
strength and stamina!

SEE Superman rescues Lads  
from the mad-man who  
tried to rule the world!

SEE Superman hold up  
a skyscraper... twist the  
death ray into knots!

# SUPERMAN

## IS IN THE MOVIES!

Don't miss a single one of these Paramount Shorts in TECHNICOLOR!



# RESCUE MISSION

BY JOHN HILTON

**T**HIS was the first day in three rain hadn't hampered the search. Today, there was no sun but at least a pilot could see. Anxiously, Navy pilot Bob Crane focussed his binoculars over Death Jungle, which held the secret of Doctor Scott and his two assistants, who had been reported missing from the expedition. This was the last day the navy planes could search.

The Commander had been right when he said anyone lost in this jungle was likely to stay there. It was like being in a high-walled prison, the way cliffs and bluffs surrounded the dense foliage of the jungle. Landing would be virtually impossible.

Bob's powerful motor roared over the silence of the jungle. Studying his map, he noticed he was close to Amaprano volcano. In the time that had elapsed, the Scott party could not have gone further than that.

Yet how was a search pilot to know? The closely linked trees jealously guarded the jungle's secret. A man lost there had no more chance of being found than a needle in a haystack. Not unless . . . unless. . . .

It was as though Bob's thought had been voiced! He had been thinking that if the Scott party were alive and well, they should have managed some sort of signal.

And now, right before him, a thin trail of smoke was rising!

Less than a minute later, Bob saw them.

Two men, clothing in tatters, were waving their arms wildly, first pointing to the skies, then gesticulating to a figure at their feet.

It was Doctor Scott, and badly hurt Bob saw.

Bob studied the area where he had found Scott and his party. Here, the trees were not quite as dense, not so closely

packed together. And there was a small clearing at their foot.

Only for an instant did Bob reckon the danger. Then, his cool, methodical mind sprang to his aid. Carefully judging the distance, he sent the plane into a side-slip, one of the most difficult maneuvers in a pilot's book.

Bob's face was grim as the plane's wings grazed the trees. Anxiously, he coaxed the plane down.

He found himself wet with perspiration when the ship came to the ground safely. One of the men rushed over: "I'm Ransom," he said. "That was one of the finest pieces of flying I've ever seen." His voice was excited. "We've been running from natives," he said. "That's why we couldn't signal. It was agonizing, hearing your plane the last two days and being afraid to do anything about it. Today, we decided to take a chance when the Doctor's wound got worse."

Doctor Scott smiled weakly at Bob. He tried to speak when suddenly a low, ominous rumble spread through the jungle. The earth seemed to shake. The Doctor turned frightened eyes in the direction of the sound. "Amaprano," he whispered. "It's erupting!"

The rumbling grew louder and a bright flash spread over the jungle. Ransom spoke first. "It looks like we're trapped, Lieutenant," he said. "But there is a chance that you and the Doctor might get out. We want you to take it."

Bob knew what was in the man's mind. The same thing was in his own. If, by some miracle, he could get out, the Doctor was the only person he could carry. The plane might lift over the trees, but never over the cliffs behind the erupting volcano.

The rumbling was like thunderclaps now and the flashes

came regularly. Wild animals crashed through the foliage, frightened and seeking safety. Doctor Scott said weakly: "I would rather stay here, Lieutenant, with my men."

It was a heroic gesture and in that instant Bob knew the reasons for the tales of courage that had grown around Doctor Scott. He looked at the pain-wracked face of the scientist and said: "Sorry, sir. I think we'll risk it." Brusquely, he said to the two men. "Carry him into the plane. And get in yourselves."

Ransom stared at him. "But you won't be able to get elevation with such a load. You'll never clear those cliffs!"

Bob's lips were grim. "I've got an idea," he said. "Get in!"

Yes, it was an idea, dangerous and one chance in a million. But he decided to take it. The plane, he was sure, would clear the tree tops if he side-slipped carefully.

It did! He heard Ransom's sigh of relief as the over-loaded ship zoomed levelly ahead toward the volcano. Smoke and fire and gasses rolled from it as the fighting plane nosed forward.

Heat blasted the sides of the ship. Bob revved up the motor.

"Now!" The word snapped from Bob's lips as he pulled back on the stick. For an instant, the ship seemed suspended in mid-air, over the yawning jaws of death.

Then, suddenly, it rose high as the gasses of the volcano caught it, tossed it in the air like a plaything. Back went the stick in Bob's whitened hands. Her nose went up as he pushed the motor to her utmost. The fuselage just grazed the dangerous, jagged cliffs as the ship cleared them! Bob had won his battle with nature, turned an enemy into an ally. He was grinning as Ransom's head poked toward him. "You did it," Ransom whispered. "You did it."

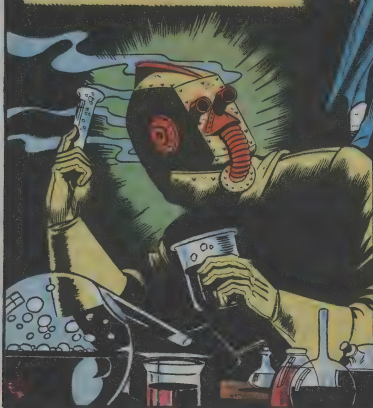
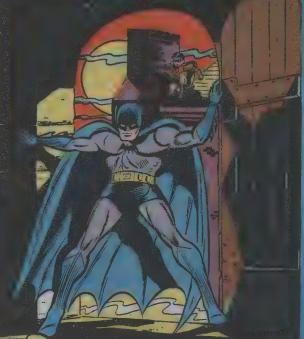
Bob smiled. "Had to," he said. "The Navy wanted me back on time."

# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

BATMAN AND ROBIN, SWORN ENEMIES OF CRIME, MATCH WITS WITH A SINISTER AND CLEVER MASTER OF THE WEAPONS OF SCIENCE? WHO IS THIS INCREDIBLE, BERING FIGURE GLOWING WITH UNHOLY, FLOURESCENT LIGHT? LET US CALL HIM BY THAT DREAD NAME WHICH IS TO BECOME SO TERRIBLY FAMILIAR TO ALL ---- **Professor Radium?**

CAN THE DYNAMIC DUO COPE WITH THE STRANGE WEAPONS OF THE WORLD OF SCIENCE? CAN THEY DEFEAT A MAN WHO MUST KILL SO THAT HE MAY LIVE? HERE IS THE ANSWER IN THE MOST AMAZING OF ALL ADVENTURES CALLED--  
*"The Strange Case of Professor Radium."*



A STRANGE REQUEST IS MADE  
AT THE CITY DOG POUND--

THE PERMIT  
SEEMS ALL  
RIGHT. WE  
CAN DELIVER  
THE DOGS  
TO YOUR  
LABORATORY  
TONIGHT?

GAS CHAMBER  
CITY DOG POUND

EXCELLENT!  
I WANT THEM  
AS THEY ARE  
NOW-- DEAD!



THAT NIGHT--IN A HOSPITAL LABORATORY,  
THE SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR ROSS, LABORS  
TO SOLVE MAN'S GREATEST RIDDLE--

WILL MY RADIUM  
SERUM REPAIR DEAD  
TISSUE AND MAKE MAN  
LIVE FOREVER? SHALL  
EITHER FIND THE  
GREATEST SCIENTIFIC  
DISCOVERY SINCE TIME  
BEGAN--OR  
FAILURE?



BUT THE SERUM-INJECTED  
DOGS SHOW NO SIGN OF  
MOVEMENT--

I'VE FAILED!  
ALL THESE  
MONTHS OF WORK--  
BUT WAIT--  
PERHAPS ITS  
TOO SOON--  
PERHAPS IT  
NEEDS MORE  
TIME?

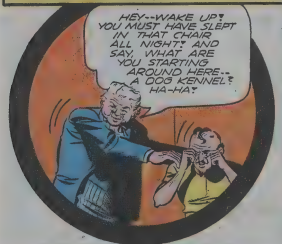


MINUTES DRAIN INTO HOURS,  
AND AS THE BLEARY-EYED  
SCIENTIST WAITS AND WATCHES,  
SLEEP FINALLY CONQUERS  
HIS EXHAUSTED BODY--



A HAND SHAKES HIM--

HEY--WAKE UP!  
YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT  
IN THAT CHAIR  
ALL NIGHT!  
SAY, WHAT ARE  
YOU STARTING  
AROUND HERE--  
A DOG KENNEL?  
HA-HA!



ALIVE! THE  
DOGS ARE ALIVE!  
RADIUM SERUM CAN  
REPAIR PROTOPLASM!  
I MUST SUBMIT A  
REPORT TO THE  
DIRECTORS AT ONCE!  
NEXT I MUST REVIVE  
A DEAD MAN--  
THAN I SHALL BE  
FAMOUS!



LATER THAT DAY, IN THE INSTITUTE  
DIRECTOR'S OFFICE--

THEY LOOK LIKE  
THE DOGS WERE  
DELIVERED TO  
THE PROFESSOR,  
BUT I CAN'T  
BE SURE?

THESE X-RAYS  
SHOW NO TRACE  
OF RADIUM IN  
THE DOGS? ARE  
YOU TRYING TO  
PULL A HOAX  
ON ME, PROFESSOR?



OF COURSE  
NOT! I'LL BRING  
ANOTHER DOG  
TO LIFE AND  
PROVE MY  
CLAIM IS  
TRUE?

A LIVE DOG  
COULD BE  
SUBSTITUTED  
FOR A DEAD  
ONE, YOU  
KNOW! YOUR  
LIFE-RENEWING  
CLAIM SEEMS  
ABSURD! PERHAPS  
YOU HAVE  
APPROPRIATED  
THE RADIUM FOR  
YOUR OWN  
PRIVATE USE.



FOR YOUR EXCELLENT  
WORK IN THE PAST,  
WE WILL NOT CHARGE  
YOU WITH THE THEFT  
OF THOUSANDS OF  
DOLLARS OF RADIUM,  
BUT SHALL INSTEAD  
ASK FOR YOUR  
RESIGNATION!  
GOOD DAY,  
PROFESSOR  
ROSS!



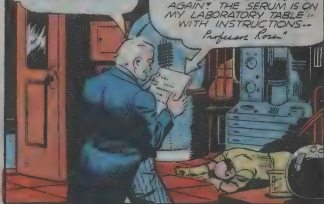
BAH! I'LL SHOW HIM  
WHAT A TRUE SCIENTIST  
IS... A MAN WHO IS  
WILLING TO EXPERIMENT  
ON HIMSELF TO PROVE  
TO THE WORLD HE'S  
RIGHT!



THE NEXT MORNING!

GOOD GRACIOUS!  
ROSS---DEAD!  
WAIT---WHAT'S  
THIS NOTE....?

"I HAVE DELIBERATELY  
TAKEN MY LIFE SO I  
MAY PROVE MY SERUM  
WILL GIVE IT BACK TO ME  
AGAIN! THE SERUM IS ON  
MY LABORATORY TABLE--  
WITH INSTRUCTIONS--  
Professor Ross"



WITH FEVERISH HASTE, JOHNSTON  
INJECTS THE SERUM INTO THE BRAVE  
PROFESSOR...AND WAITS UNTIL---

HE...HE'S  
MOVING!  
IT'S INCREDIBLE--  
BUT HE'S  
ALIVE!

OHMMH!



LATER, JOHNSTON EXAMINES A DROP  
OF THE PROFESSOR'S BLOOD UNDER  
A MICROSCOPE---

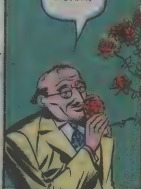
AMAZING!  
THE BLOOD  
IS COMPLETELY  
FREE OF  
RADIUM!

I'M GOING HOME  
TO PREPARE MY  
PAPER EXPLAINING  
THE EXPERIMENT--  
I WANT TO SPRING  
IT AS A SURPRISE  
ON THE DIRECTOR!



AFTER WORKING MANY  
TEDIOUS HOURS, THE  
PROFESSOR RELAXES  
A FEW MOMENTS IN  
HIS GARDEN---

MMMM!



SURPRISINGLY, THE FLOWER  
WITHERS IN HIS HAND!



A FRIENDLY SPARROW LIGHTS  
ON THE PROFESSOR'S HAND  
TO EAT SOME CRUMBS--AND  
TOPPLES OVER--DEAD!

TAKE YOUR  
CRUMBS---WHY,  
HE'S...  
HE'S...



LATER THAT DAY--

ROSS--I  
EXAMINED  
THAT SLIDE  
AGAIN--AND  
THERE ARE  
DEFINITE  
TRACES  
OF RADIUM!

WHAT?  
QUICK! TAKE  
AN X-RAY.  
OF MY BONE  
STRUCTURE  
IN MY LABORATORY!

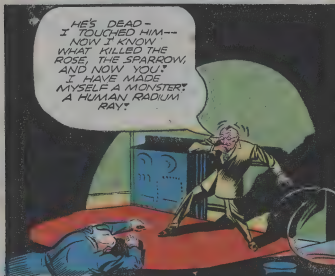




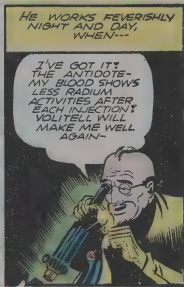
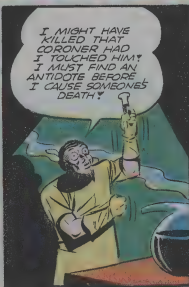
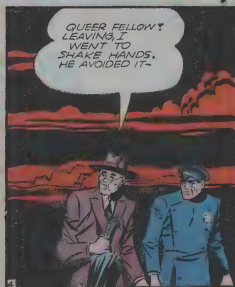
ONCE IN A DARK LABORATORY JOHNSTON  
SUDDENLY GASPS-- THE PROFESSOR'S  
BODY GLOWS EERILY WITH A GREEN  
RADIANT LIGHT.



WHEN THE LIGHT IS FINALLY  
SWITCHED ON--



RO. CALLS THE POLICE; THE CORONER  
EXAMINES THE BODY--



BUT ALL DOESN'T GO WELL--HE FINDS THAT VOLITELL WEARS OFF AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS--

IT'S HORRIBLE---  
I'VE CHANGED BACK  
TO RADIUM AGAIN!--  
I'VE NO MORE  
VOLITELL SERUM TO  
MAKE ME NORMAL--  
I MUST GET  
VOLITELL--  
BUT FIRST, I'VE  
GOT TO MAKE  
SURE NO ONE  
ELSE WILL  
DIE--

HE FASHIONS A  
SUIT WOVEN  
FROM A  
RUBBEROID-LEAD  
COMPOSITION--  
A GARS THROUGH  
WHICH THE  
DEADLY RADIUM  
RAYS WILL  
NOT PASS--

IT LOOKS  
BIZARRE,  
BUT WILL  
PROTECT ANYBODY  
WHO MIGHT  
CONTACT MY  
RADIUM-CHARGED  
BODY--NOW I  
CAN GO AFTER  
THE VOLITELL!

VOLITELL IS AN EXPENSIVE  
DRUG, AND HE HAS USED HIS  
FUNDS ON HIS EXPERIMENTS--  
THAT NIGHT, HE FURTIVELY  
ENTERS A HOSPITAL'S SUPPLY  
ROOM--

ONLY TWO  
OUNCES? I'LL  
NEED A MUCH  
GREATER  
QUANTITY!

AS THE DESPERATE SCIENTIST  
STEALS MORE AND MORE VOLITELL,  
NEWSPAPERS TELL AN AMAZING  
STORY---

DARING HOSPITAL  
ROBBERIES-VOLITELL  
STOLE

VOLITELL  
VALUABLE  
DRUG SUPPLY  
STOLEN BY  
A FANTASTIC  
FIGURE THAT  
MIGHT BE  
MURDER

I MUST  
HAVE  
MORE  
VOLITELL!

AND IN HIS HOME, BRUCE  
WAYNE SPEAKS TO HIS  
YOUNG WARD, DICK  
GRAYSON--

WONDER  
WHO IS  
BEHIND  
THIS  
VOLITELL  
BUSINESS?

ONLY A  
SCIENTIST WOULD  
HAVE ANY  
KNOWLEDGE OF  
VOLITELL. I  
HAVE A HUNCH  
THAT MY  
OUR MYSTERY  
MAN WILL  
SHOW UP AT  
GOTHAM  
HOSPITAL  
TONIGHT--

NIGHT--TWO CAPED FIGURES SWING THROUGH EMPTY SPACE--

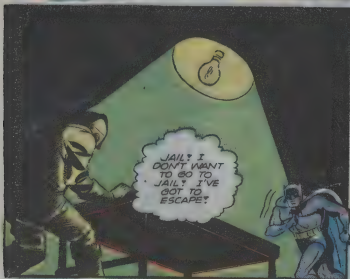
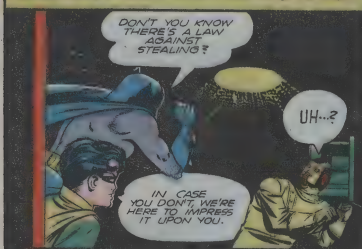
THIS IS ONE  
WAY TO GET  
TO THE HOSPITAL  
UNSEEN!

ONE WAY  
IS AS GOOD  
AS ANOTHER!

THE PROFESSOR HAS REMAINED  
HIDDEN INSIDE THE HOSPITAL  
ALL DAY LONG--

I CAN SLIP PAST  
THOSE GUARDS  
EASILY ENOUGH AND  
GET INTO THE  
SUPPLY ROOM!

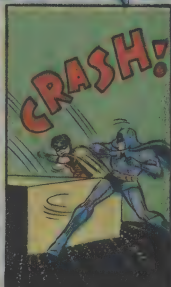
BUT AS THE PROFESSOR REACHES FOR THE  
VOUTELL...TWO MANTLED FURIES STORM INTO THE ROOM-



THE FEAR-MADDENED PROFESSOR  
HURLS RAZOR-EDGED SURGICAL  
INSTRUMENTS AT THE CHARGING  
**ROBIN**....



AS THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**  
CHARGE ANEW, THE PROFESSOR  
PUSHES AN INSTRUMENT CLOSET  
OVER THEM-



AS GUARDS RUSH IN, THE SCIENTIST CLIMBS THRU THE WINDOW AND DESCENDS THE WATER PIPE--

C'MON, ROBIN-- OUR LITTLE BIRD IS TRYING TO FLEE THE COOP!

FROM THE EXPOSED BLOWING HAND EMANATES DEADLY RADIUM RAYS THAT EAT AWAY THE PIPE, AND--

I'M-- I'M-- SLIPPING!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME BEING A HUMAN RADIUM RAY HELPED ME!

MEANWHILE, THE PROFESSOR SLIPS IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW ON THE FLOOR BELOW--

I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS-- BUT I HAVE TO--

EVEN AS HE DROPS, THE BOY WONDER CLUTCHES THE BATMAN'S ANKLE AND HANGS PERILOUSLY--

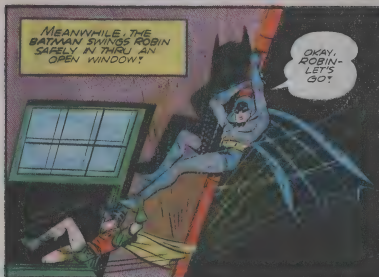
HOLD ON, ROBIN!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

..AND IN THE HOSPITAL BASEMENT--HE MAKES HIS GET-A-WAY--

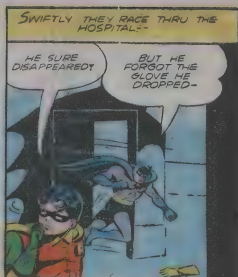
I HAVE THE VOLITELL-- WHEN I CURE MYSELF, I'LL TELL THE WORLD OF MY DISCOVERY!





MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN SWINGS ROBIN SAFELY IN THRU AN OPEN WINDOW!

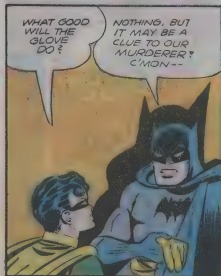
OKAY, ROBIN-- LET'S GO!



SWIFTLY THEY RACE THRU THE HOSPITAL!--

HE SURE DISAPPEARED!

BUT HE FORGOT THE GLOVE HE DROPPED--



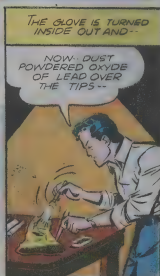
WHAT GOOD WILL THE GLOVE DO?

NOTHING, BUT IT MAY BE A CLUE TO OUR MURDERER! C'MON--



WHAT'S THE IDEA?

CRIMINALS THINK IF THEY WEAR GLOVES, THEY DON'T LEAVE FINGERPRINTS, BUT THEY DO--ON THE INSIDE OF THE GLOVE!

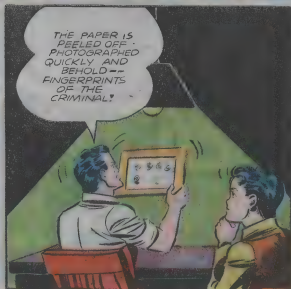


THE GLOVE IS TURNED INSIDE OUT AND--

NOW--DUST POWDERED OXYDE OF LEAD OVER THE TIPS--



THEN A GELATIN SHEET SUCH AS PHOTOGRAPHIC CITRATE PAPER, WHICH HAS BEEN EXPOSED AND DEVELOPED, SOAKED, CAUSING THE GELATIN TO SWELL-- PRESSED OVER THE MARKS MADE VISIBLE BY THE LEAD OXYDE.



THE PAPER IS PEELED OFF-- PHOTOGRAPHED QUICKLY AND BEHOLD-- FINGERPRINTS OF THE CRIMINAL!

THE NEXT MORNING?

THE INJECTION OF VOLITELL SERUM I TOOK HAS MADE ME NORMAL AGAIN! NOW I TO SEE MARY AND TELL HER ABOUT MY GREAT DISCOVERY.

HENRY DARLING-- YOU LOOK EXCITED!

THE MOST WONDERFUL THING HAS HAPPENED, MARY!

BUT HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE GLOW ABOUT HIS BODY GROWING STRONGER--AS HE LEANS FORWARD!-

MARY, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SURPRISED! MARY!...

OHNN!

THE GLOW IS BACK! THE INJECTION I TOOK WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH-- I KILLED HER!

I'VE KILLED HER-- I..

KILLED HER...? HELP! POLICE!

POLICE COMMISSIONER'S GORDON OFFICE-- WHERE NOW THE POLICE AND BATMAN WORK HAND IN HAND...

THESE PRINTS MATCH THOSE OF A PROFESSOR ROSS-- HE'S A CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEE SO THE STATE HAS HIS FINGERPRINTS ON FILE!

ROSS, EH? HE WAS INVOLVED IN THE DEATH OF HIS ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR--

WHAT? YOUR MISTRESS, MISS LAMONT, KILLED? WHO-- PROFESSOR ROSS?

OH--OH-- GET READY, ROBIN!

YOU SAY, HIS BODY HAD A SORT OF A GLOW ABOUT IT?

A GLOW, EH? I SUGGEST YOU MAKE A FAST AUTOPSY, CORONER--

YES, SIR-- IT WAS AS IF HE WAS ALL LIT UP INSIDE!

RING!

SOMETIME LATER--

YOU WERE  
RIGHT, BATMAN!  
THAT GIRL DIED  
OF INTERNAL  
RADIUM  
BURNS!

RADIUM  
BURNS!

YES... AND I  
SUSPECT PROFESSOR  
JOHNSTON DIED  
THE SAME WAY--  
THIS ALL TIES UP  
WITH PROFESSOR  
ROSS'S RADIUM  
EXPERIMENTS!  
SOMETHING  
WENT WRONG--  
VOLITELL FOR  
AN ANTIDOTE--

LATER THAT DAY AS PROFESSOR  
ROSS RETURNS TO HIS HOME--

POLICE?  
I SHOULD HAVE  
RETURNED HOME  
SOONER--  
GOOD THING  
THE VOLITELL  
IS HIDDEN--

THE DAYS THAT  
FOLLOW SEE THE  
GREATEST MANHUNT IN  
THE HISTORY OF CRIME--

PROF. HENRY  
RADIUM (ROSS)  
AT LARGE!

MEANWHILE, A DREADEFUL  
CHANCE COMES OVER  
PROFESSOR ROSS-- HE IS NOW  
KNOWN AS PROFESSOR RADIUM--

I NEED  
MORE  
VOLITELL!

I'M MAD!  
HA-HA!  
I'M CRAZY!  
THE CURSED  
RADIUM!

MY HAIR IS  
FALLING OUT!  
THE RADIUM IS  
BEGINNING TO  
WREAK ITS HAVOC  
ON MY BODY!

I WANT TO  
MURDER--  
WAIT--WHAT'S  
THE MATTER  
WITH ME?

THE  
RADIUM--IT'S  
EATING INTO  
MY BODY--  
INTO MY  
BRAIN--  
I'M GOING MAD--

NOT A SIGN  
OF PROFESSOR  
RADIUM AND  
THAT BLASTED  
VOLITELL--  
WHERE DID  
HE HIDE  
IT?

VOLITELL, HMM?  
THAT'S WHAT  
HE NEEDS--  
IF YOU DRAW  
YOUR MEN AWAY  
FROM HIS HOUSE,  
I THINK HE'LL  
COME BACK FOR  
THAT VOLITELL--  
ROBIN AND I  
WILL BE WAITING  
FOR HIM--

POLICE  
WITHDRAWN  
FROM ROSS  
HOME!

POLICE GIVE UP  
SEARCH FOR  
PROF. RADIUM

AND THAT VERY NIGHT--TWO FIGURES  
WAIT IN THE SHADOWS--

DO YOU  
THINK HE'LL  
FALL FOR  
THIS STUNT?

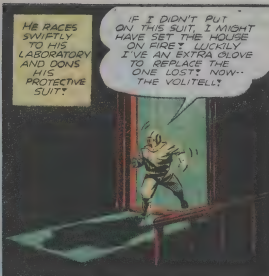
WE'LL SEE?  
SHH--I  
THINK I  
HEAR  
SOMETHING!

SO STRONG IS THE RADIUM-CHARGED BODY OF THE PROFESSOR THAT HE LITERALLY BEARS HIS WAY THROUGH THE DOOR!



GOOD!  
IT'S  
EMPTY!

HE RACES  
SWIFTLY  
TO HIS  
LABORATORY  
AND DONS  
HIS  
PROTECTIVE  
SUIT!



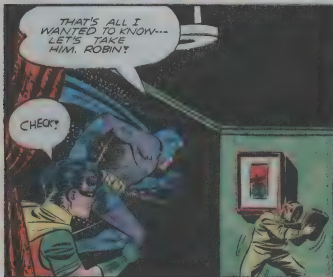
IF I DIDN'T PUT  
ON THIS SUIT, I MIGHT  
HAVE SET THE HOUSE  
ON FIRE! LUCKILY  
I'VE AN EXTRA GLOVE  
TO REPLACE THE  
ONE LOST! NOW--  
THE VOLITELL!

HE WITHDRAWS A  
LARGE BOOK,  
AND....

THE VOLITELL!  
THE POLICE  
NEVER THOUGHT  
OF LOOKING  
IN A BOOK  
FOR IT!

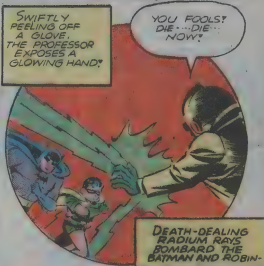


THAT'S ALL I  
WANTED TO KNOW---  
LET'S TAKE  
HIM, ROBIN!



CHECK!

SWIFTLY  
PEELING OFF  
A GLOVE,  
THE PROFESSOR  
EXPOSES A  
GLOWING HAND!

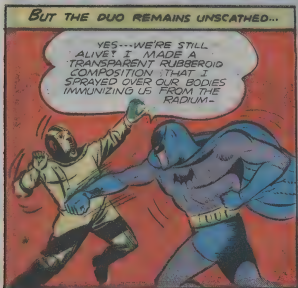


YOU FOOLS!  
DIE---DIE---  
NOW!

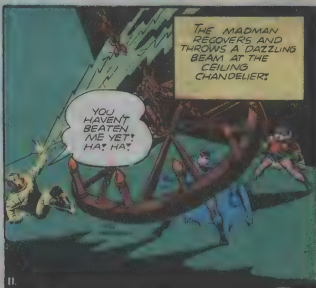
DEATH-DEALING  
RADIUM RAYS  
BOMBARD THE  
BATMAN AND ROBIN.

BUT THE DUO REMAINS UNSCATHED...

YES---WE'RE STILL  
ALIVE! I MADE A  
'TRANSPARENT RUBBEROID  
COMPOSITION' THAT I  
SPRAYED OVER OUR BODIES  
IMMUNIZING US FROM THE  
RADIUM--



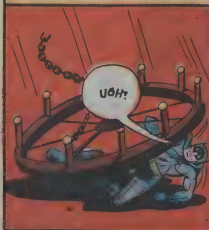
THE MADMAN  
RECOVERS AND  
THROWS A DAZZLING  
BEAM AT THE  
CEILING  
CHANDELIER!



YOU  
HAVEN'T  
BEATEN  
ME YET!  
HA! HA!



THE CHANDELIER PLUNGES  
DOWN, PINNING THE BATMAN  
TO THE FLOOR!



SO STARTLED IS  
ROBIN BY THE  
SUDDEN TURN OF  
EVENTS THAT HE IS  
CAUGHT NAPPING!

AND THIS  
SHOULD  
TAKE CARE  
OF YOU!



THEY RECOVER QUICKLY AND  
CHASE AFTER THE ESCAPING MADMAN!



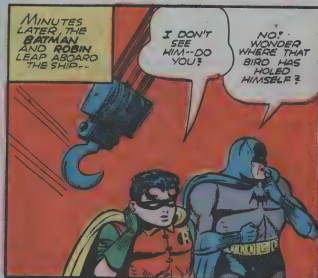
PROFESSOR  
RADIUM  
SCRAMBLES  
UP A  
SIDE  
LADDER...



MINUTES  
LATER, THE  
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN  
LEAP ABOARD  
THE SHIP--

I DON'T  
SEE  
HIM--DO  
YOU?

NO!...  
WONDER  
WHERE THAT  
BIRD HAS  
HOLED  
HIMSELF?



LOOK  
OUT!

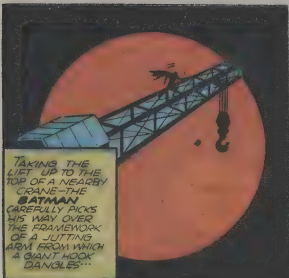


HAT HAT  
MISSED  
YOU, BUT  
I WON'T  
AGAIN!

C'MON  
ROBIN--  
BEFORE  
THAT  
MANIAC  
KILLS US--  
I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA!

WHAT--  
WHO?





TAKING THE LIFT UP TO THE TOP OF A NEARBY CRANE--THE BATMAN CAREFULLY PICKS HIS WAY OVER THE FRAMEWORK OF A JUTTING ARM FROM WHICH A GIANT HOOK DANGLES...



WITH ROBIN AT THE CONTROLS, THE GREAT CRANE SWINGS AROUND-- THE BATMAN SWAYING PERILOUSLY FROM THE DANGLING HOISTING HOOK!

PROFESSOR RADIUM IS READY AND WAITING\*. EXPOSING HIS HAND, HE SENDS OUT SEARING RAYS THAT PART THE CABLE!



HA-- TRY TO GET OUT OF THIS, BATMAN!

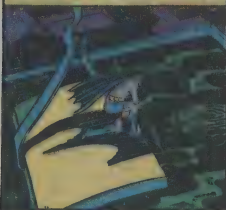
BUT THE TERRIFIC MOMENTUM OF THE SWINGING HOOK IS ENOUGH TO SEND THE BATMAN SHOOTING FORWARD AS THE CABLE PARTS--



PROFESSOR RADIUM'S ARMS FLAIL WILDLY AS HE TRIES TO KEEP HIS BALANCE...



--AND THEN PLUNGES BACKWARD INTO SPACE?



--HE MUST HAVE SUNK LIKE A LOG! I MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO RECOVER THE VOLITEL AND RETURN IT TO THE HOSPITAL--



SOMETIME LATER--

WHY THE FROWN, BRUCE? I WAS THINKING-- HERE WAS A MAN WHO TRIED TO DISCOVER SOMETHING THAT WOULD GIVE LIFE TO PEOPLE-- BUT IN SO DOING HE CREATED FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER THAT DESTROYED HIS OWN LIFE!

The End

BUT HAS THE RIVER SEALED THE TOMB OF THIS UNUSUAL MAN? OR DOES HE STILL LIVE ON AS THE NOW MAD Professor Radium?



# OUT IN FRONT!

The STAR-SPANGLED KID  
And STRIPESY ARE MAKING  
COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY!

WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL  
—CREATOR OF SUPERMAN!  
DRAWN BY HAL SHERMAN  
—FAMOUS ACTION-ARTIST!

A TOP COMBINATION  
ON A TOP FEATURE!

64 BREATHTAKING, ACTION-PACKED PAGES  
**NOW ON SALE!**

WOW!! YOU'GHTA SEE THE WAY  
THAT **SHINING KNIGHT** GOES  
TO WORK ON MODERN CROOKS!  
--HE'S GOT **BULLET-PROOF ARMOR**,  
A WINGED HORSE, AN' A SWORD  
THAT CUTS THROUGH  
SOLID STEEL!

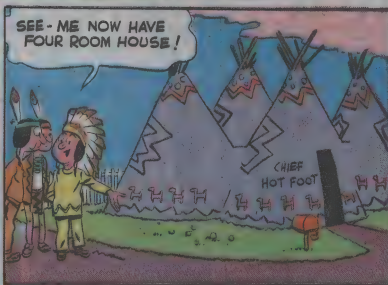
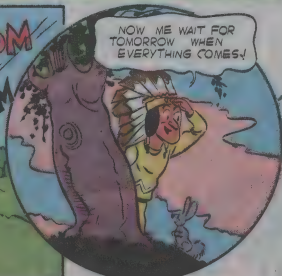
HE SURE IS  
TERRIFIC--AN' SO  
IS **STARMAN!**  
--AN' YOU GET BOTH  
OF 'EM EVERY  
MONTH IN  
**ADVENTURE  
COMICS!!**



P.S. BRAND-NEW SIZZLERS IN MORE FUN COMICS, TOO!



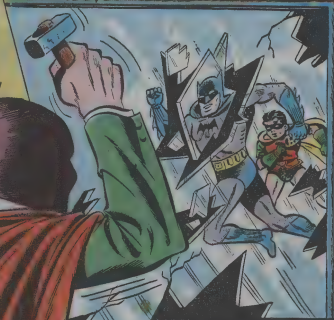




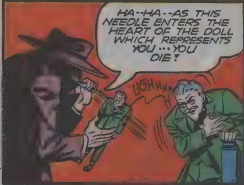
# BATMAN

## ROBIN

EVER WALK UNDER A  
LADDER AND WONDER WHAT  
WOULD HAPPEN? EVER A  
JUMP IN FRIGHT AS A  
BLACK CAT CROSSED YOUR  
PATH? EVER SEVEN YEARS OF  
BAD LUCK WOULD FOLLOW?  
AND FEAR WOULD GO TO  
WELL...YOU ARE GOING TO  
BE INTRODUCED TO A GROUP  
OF PEOPLE WHO DEFIED THESE  
AGE-OLD SUPERSTITIONS...AND  
THE STRANGE EVENTS THAT  
BEFELL THEM.  
READ HOW A FEAR OF  
SUPERSTITION TRANSFORMED A  
COMPANY OF ACTORS INTO TERROR-  
RIDDEN WRETCHES WHO CRINGED  
AT THEIR OWN SHADOWS...AND  
HOW THE BATMAN AND ROBIN  
WERE FORCED TO CALL UPON  
THE LAST OUNCE OF THEIR  
STRENGTH TO UNRAVEL THE  
MYSTERY OF  
*The Superstition Murders!*



A GLISTENING NEEDLE ENTERS THE  
BODY OF A TINY DOLL...A HAND  
CLUTCHES AT A FALTERING HEART...  
AND A LIFELESS BODY FALLS FORWARD!



ROB KANE

THE VILLAIN  
EXITS LAUGHING--  
AND THE CURTAIN  
FALLS ON THE  
LAST ACT OF  
A SUMMER  
THEATRE TRYOUT?

HA? HA?  
HA?..

THAT WAS  
THE BEST  
REHEARSAL  
I EVER SAW--  
WE'VE GOT  
A GOOD  
SHOW?

I'M GLAD?  
THIS IS  
THE FIRST  
PLAY I'VE  
EVER WRITTEN  
AND I  
WANT IT  
TO BE A GOOD  
ONE?

THE REHEARSAL OVER--THE ACTORS COME  
FROM THE WINGS--

I'VE GOT AN IDEA? SINCE  
THIS IS A PLAY DEALING  
WITH SUPERSTITION--LET'S  
HAVE A "SUPERSTITION  
PARTY" TONIGHT?  
WE'LL BREAK MIRRORS,  
WALK UNDER LADDERS  
AND SO ON--

WHY ---THAT'S  
WONDERFUL?  
I'LL CALL UP  
SCOOP MAGAZINE  
TO SEND A  
PHOTOGRAPHER  
DOWN --

YES---WE'RE  
HAVING A  
SUPERSTITION-  
BREAKING PARTY  
TONIGHT--- YOU  
MIGHT GET SOME  
INTERESTING  
PICTURES?

THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY,  
BRUCE WAYNE IS ONE OF  
THE INVITED GUESTS---

HELLO, BANKS...  
LOOKS LIKE  
YOU HAVE  
ANOTHER  
HIT?

NOT A  
HIT, BRUCE--  
BUT A  
FAIR PLAY--  
IT'LL GET  
BY?

ER--ER--BRUCE--  
MEET FRED  
BROOKS, HE'S  
FINANCING  
THIS SHOW  
AND ACTING THE  
MURDERER IN  
THE LEADING  
ROLE?

HOW DO YOU  
DO? THIS IS  
MY LEADING  
LADY, MISS  
FRANCINE--

I'M  
OVERWHELMED  
BY A  
COMBINATION  
OF BEAUTY  
AND TALENT?

A GLEAM OF HATRED FLASHES  
IN THE PRODUCER'S EYES AS  
THE INGENUE CLUTCHES HER  
ESCORTS ARM TIGHTLY--

SAV,  
DON'T I  
COME IN  
FOR MY  
SHARE OF  
INTRODUCTIONS?

BRUCE, THIS IS  
JOHN GLIM,  
THE AUTHOR  
OF THIS  
MASTERPIECE?  
HA? HA?

AH--THE  
GENIUS IN  
PERSON?

WELL, FOLKS,  
NOW THAT  
EVERYONE'S  
HERE INCLUDING  
THE PHOTOGRAPHER--  
LET'S START  
SMASHING  
SUPERSTITIONS?

AS THE  
LEADING  
ACTOR--  
AHEM--  
I WILL  
BEGIN THE  
PROCEEDINGS?

WALKING UNDER A LADDER  
IS THE FIRST SUPERSTITION  
THAT IS VIOLATED?

BAD BUSINESS--  
GOING  
UNDER  
LADDERS--

HA? HA?  
YOU HAVE  
UNSUSPECTED  
TALENT, FRED?

THREE CIGARETTES ARE LIT ON ONE MATCH

HOLD IT, FOLKS! GOT IT!

THIS IS FUN! THREE ON A MATCH!

MARK MY WORDS, THIS WON'T BE THE END. WHEN FOLKS START BREAKING SUPERSTITIONS--THINGS ARE BOUND TO HAPPEN! WAIT AND SEE ??



THE PHOTOGRAPHER JOINS THE PARTY--

EXCUSE IT--BUT I'M GETTIN' INTO THE SPIRIT OF THINGS!

SURE-- THAT MAKES YOU ONE OF US!



YELLOW EYES SHINING--AND FUR ERECT--A BLACK CAT STALKS IN...

LOOK! WE HAVE COMPANY--COME, KITTY--KITTY--CROSS MY PATH!

SOME--HOW, I DON'T LIKE THIS--IT'S AS IF THEY WERE INVITING TROUBLE

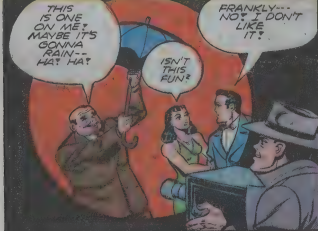


ANOTHER SUPERSTITION IS BROKEN--AN UMBRELLA IS OPENED INDOORS!

THIS IS ONE ON ME! MAYBE IT'S GONNA RAIN--HA! HA!

ISN'T THIS FUN?

FRANKLY-- NO! I DON'T LIKE IT!

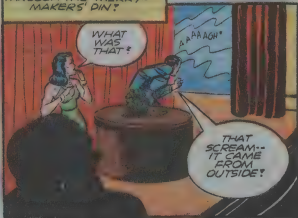


LATER--AS THE PARTY GROWS WILDER A TERRIFIED SHRIEK... FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF A FALLING BODY--CUTS THROUGH THE MERRY-MAKERS' DIN!

WHAT WAS THAT?

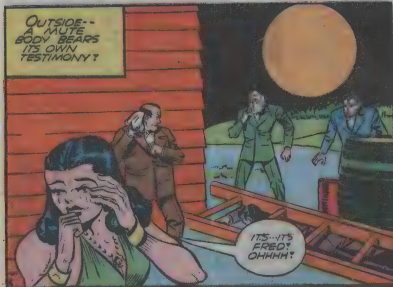
A-A-A-A-AH!

THAT SCREAM--IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE!



OUTSIDE--A MUTE BODY BEARS ITS OWN TESTIMONY!

IT'S--IT'S FRED! OHHHH!



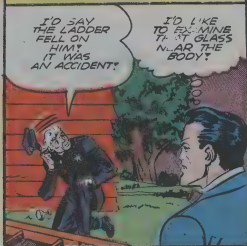
THE LADDER KILLED HIM--AND HE WAS THE ONE WHO LAUGHED AS HE WALKED UNDER ONE A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

SO YE THOUGHT YE KNEW EVERYTHIN'? LEMME TELL YE THAT THERE ARE THINGS WHICH CAN'T BE TAMPERED WITH--AN' SUPERSTITION IS ONE OF 'EM!

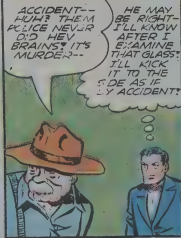




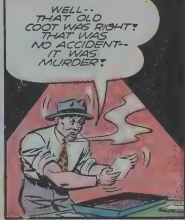
SOMEONE CALLS THE LOCAL POLICE...



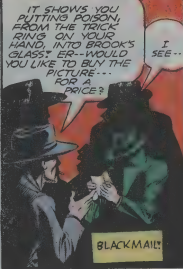
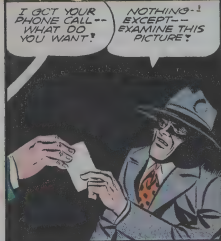
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



IN HIS LABORATORY, THE PHOTOGRAPHER DEVELOPS THE PARTY'S PICTURES--WHEN--



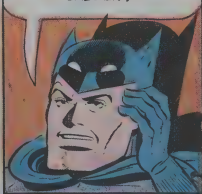
LATER...



BLACKMAIL!

MEANWHILE--

TWO THINGS HAVE TO BE CLEARED UP-- ONE IS FRED'S DRINKING GLASS--AND THE OTHER IS THAT LADDER!



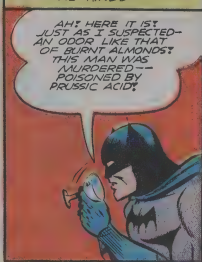
LATER-- AFTER RETURNING FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER--

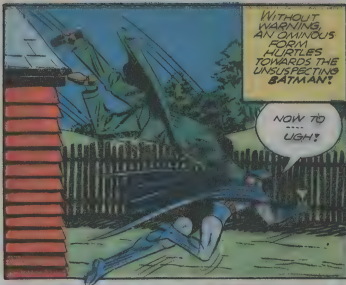


THE BATMAN GLIDES SILENTLY OVER THE HARD-PACKED GROUND!



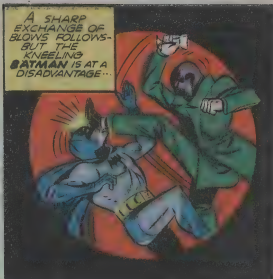
OUTSIDE THE THEATRE-BARN, HE FINDS--





WITHOUT WARNING, AN OMINOUS FORM HURTLIES TOWARDS THE UNSUSPECTING BATMAN!

NOW TO  
---  
UGH?

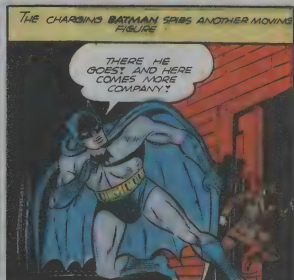


A SHARP EXCHANGE OF BLOWS FOLLOWS-- BUT THE KNEELING BATMAN IS AT A DISADVANTAGE...



A GLOVED HAND SNATCHES UP THE ALL-IMPORTANT GLASS--AND THEN THE UNKNOWN ASSAILANT FLEES INTO THE DARKNESS!

HE TOOK THE GLASS! GOT TO CATCH HIM!



THE CHARGING BATMAN SEIZES ANOTHER MOVING FIGURE

THERE HE GOES! AND HERE COMES MORE COMPANY!

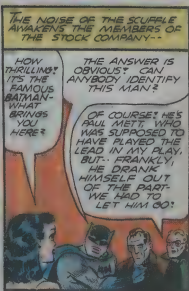


A TREMENDOUS LEAP, AND THE BATMAN'S STEEL-LIKE HANDS REACH FOR HIS NEW QUARRY!

BATMAN WHIPS OFF HIS Foe's HAT AND UNDER THE MOON'S LIGHT IS REVEALED--

NOW, MR. MURDERER, LET'S SEE WHO-- SAY--WHO ARE YOU?

HOW DARE YOU CLOAKED BANDIT?



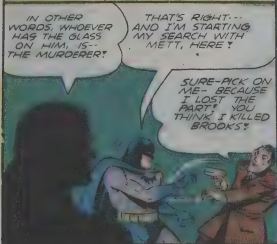
THE NOISE OF THE SCUFFLE AWAKENS THE MEMBERS OF THE STOCK COMPANY--

HOW THRILLING! IT'S THE FAMOUS BATMAN--WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS! CAN ANYBODY IDENTIFY THIS MAN?

OF COURSE! HE'S PAUL METT WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE PLAYED THE LEAD IN MY PLAY. BUT-- FRANKLY, HE DRANK HIMSELF OUT OF THE PART-- WE HAD TO LET HIM GO!

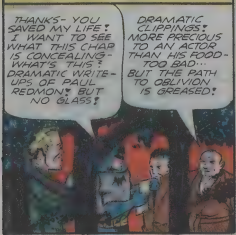
**BATMAN EXPLAINS ABOUT THE PRUSSIC ACID...**



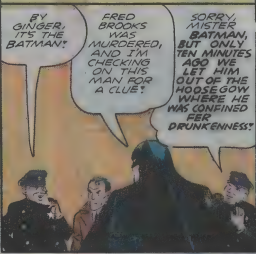
**AS THE PANICKY ACTOR SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER, A FIGURE LEAPS FORWARD!**



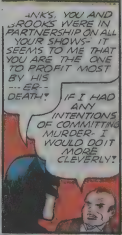
**WHILE BATMAN SEARCHES METT, ONE OF THE TROUPE PHONES THE POLICE--**



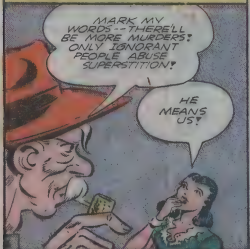
**UPON ARRIVING, THE POLICE GREET BATMAN--**



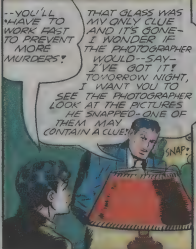
**THE OTHERS ARE SEARCHED-- BUT NO GLASS!**



**A CRACKING VOICE RIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT-AIR---**

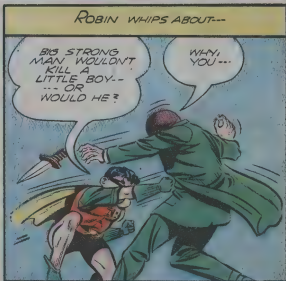
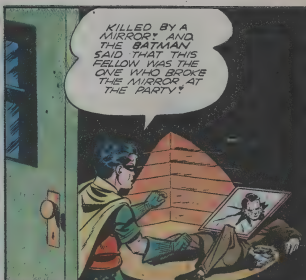


**LATER---**

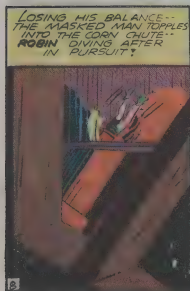


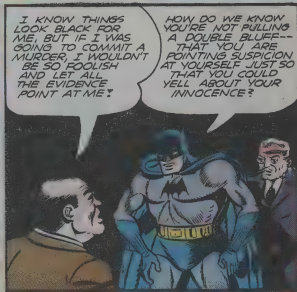
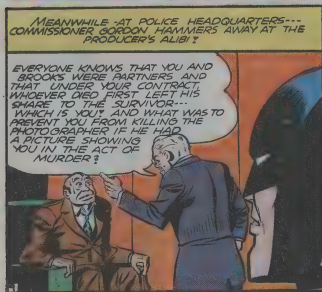
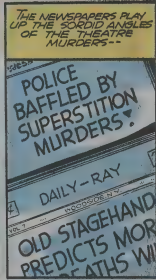
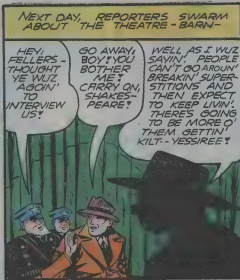
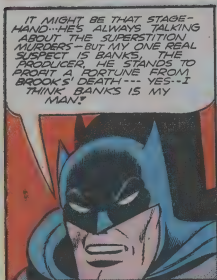
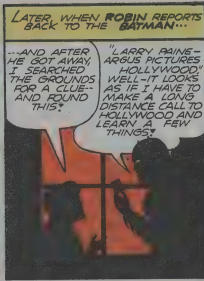
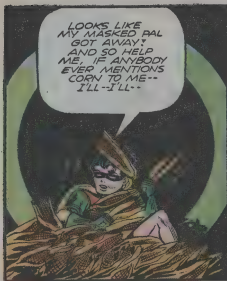
**NEXT NIGHT-- THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CABIN!**









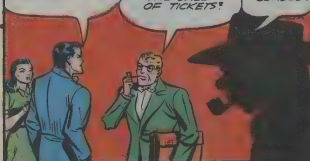


AT THE BARN-THEATRE, SCENERY IS BEING TAKEN TO WAITING TRUCKS---FOR TONIGHT--THE PLAY OPENS IN THE CITY!

WELL, CHILLUN, TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT--I'LL BE IN THE FRONT ROW, CHEERING!

DO YOU THINK THE ER--UNFORTUNATE PUBLICITY WILL AFFECT THE SALE OF TICKETS?

THIS PLAY SHOULD NEVER OPEN--IT'S CURSED!



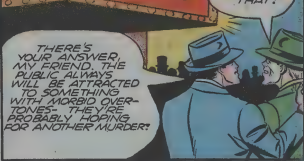
THAT NIGHT, OUTSIDE THE TROJAN THEATRE!

ERS

SUPERSTITION MURDERS

DON'T... DON'T EVEN SAY THAT!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, MY FRIEND. THE PUBLIC ALWAYS WILL BE ATTRACTED TO SOMETHING WITH MORBID OVERTONES--THEY'RE PROBABLY HOPING FOR ANOTHER MURDER!



HELLO, BANKS-- THOUGHT THE POLICE WE'RE HOLDING YOU.

THEY COULDN'T HOLD ME--I GOT OUT ON A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS-- HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT CROWD!



AS THE CURTAIN RISES, AN ODD SCENE TAKES PLACE IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS

MEEOWRRR--

QUIET--SOON YOU WILL BE PLAYING A STARRING ROLE!



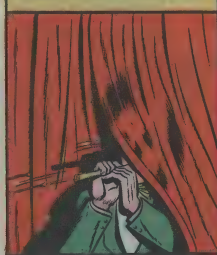
IN THE WINGS--AS THE INGENUE AWAILS HER CUE---

I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN YOUR SHOES-- HAVING TO CARRY A BLACK CAT ON THE STAGE!

DON'T BE SILLY! THEY ARE MY FAVORITES.



AT THAT MOMENT, A DART STREAKS FROM A BLOW-TUBE--



---AND IMBEDS ITS NEEDLE-POINT INTO THE BLACK CAT'S HIDE---

I LOVE CATS-- AAAIIIIII!--

GOOD HEAVENS!



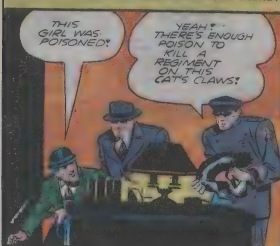
THE BODY TOPPLES TO THE STAGE IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE---



SHE'S-- SHE'S DEAD

ONCE AGAIN, A VIOLATED SUPERSTITION WREAKS VENGEANCE UPON THE PERSON WHO DARED TO BREAK IT!

A FRENZIED PHONE CALL BRINGS THE POLICE AND CORONER BUSTLING TO THE SCENE!



THIS GIRL WAS POISONED!

YEAH... THERE'S ENOUGH POISON TO KILL A RESIMENT ON THIS CAT'S CLAWS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU GOT THE GATE FOR HITTING THE BOTTLE?

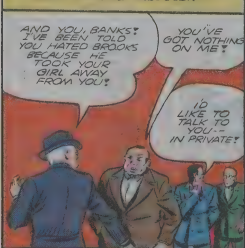
THEY NEEDED SOMEONE FOR THE PART AND I WAS GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE!

THAT'S IT! YOU KILLED THE FIRST GUY TO GET HIS PART IN THE PLAY!

VERY CLEVER! AND TELL ME-- DID I KILL THE INGENUE TO GET HER PART?



HIS FACE CONFUSED--THE COMMISSIONER TURNS ON THE PRODUCER--



AND YOU, BANKS! I'VE BEEN TOLD YOU HATED BROOKS BECAUSE HE TOOK YOUR GIRL AWAY FROM YOU!

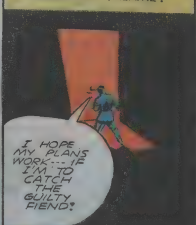
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU-- IN PRIVATE!

...I FOUND A CLUE BACKSTAGE, AND I'M COMING BACK LATER, AFTER EVERYONE'S GONE-- AND I KNOW I'LL FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT THE MURDERER!

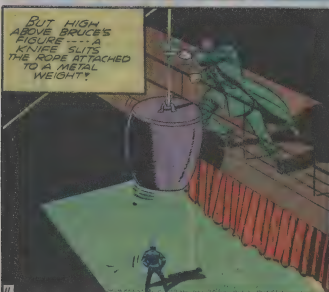


LATER THAT NIGHT, BRUCE FINDS HIS WAY BACKSTAGE OF THE DESERTED THEATRE!

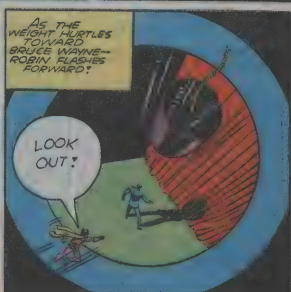


I HOPE MY PLANS WORK... IF I'M TO CATCH THE GUILTY FIEND!

BUT HIGH ABOVE BRUCE'S FIGURE---A KNIFE SLITS THE ROPE ATTACHED TO A METAL WEIGHT!

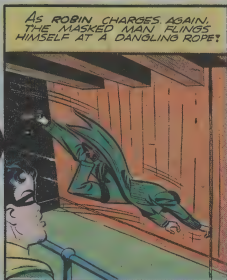
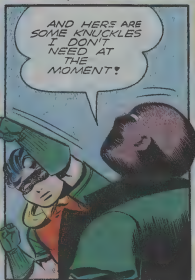


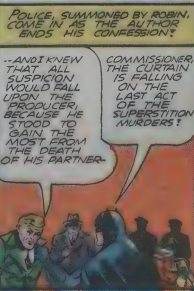
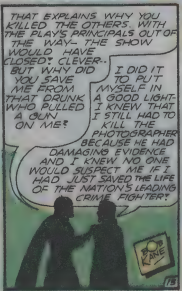
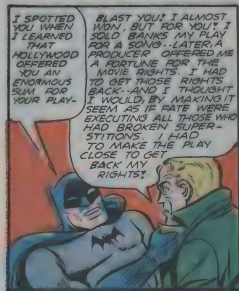
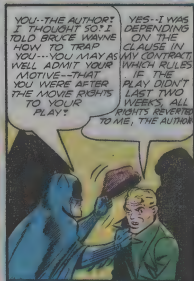
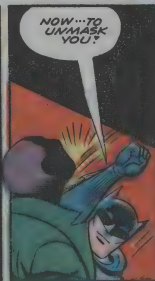
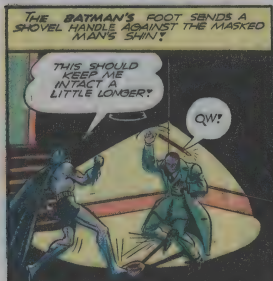
AS THE WEIGHT HURLS TOWARD BRUCE WAYNE--ROBIN FLASHES FORWARD!



LOOK OUT!

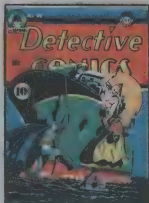






# The 'BIG SIX' now becomes the 'BIG SEVEN'

— again calling your attention to! —



WITH THE ADDITION OF  
**STAR SPANGLED COMICS**  
TO THE DC COMIC  
GROUP, THERE ARE NOW  
**SEVEN**



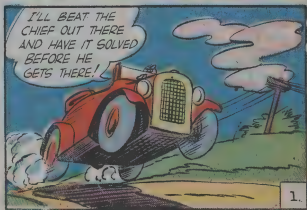
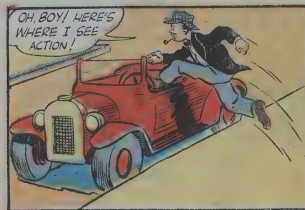
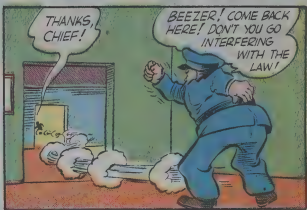
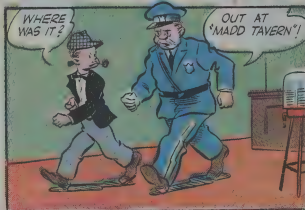
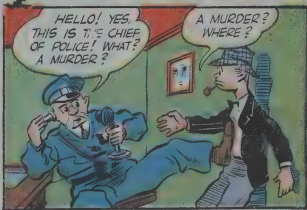
**MONTHLY  
MAGAZINES**  
BEARING THIS TRADE-  
MARK WHICH MEANS



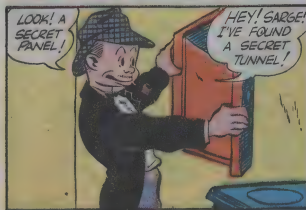
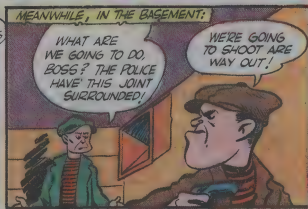
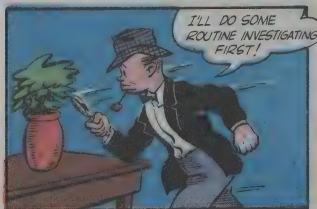
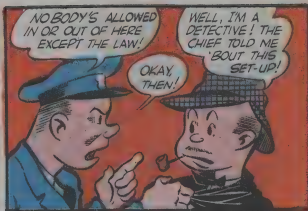
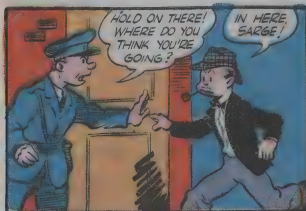
**"Tones"**  
IN COMIC  
READING!

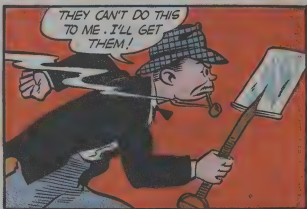
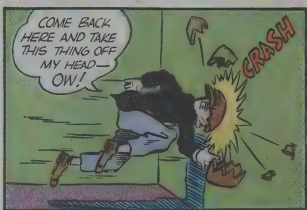
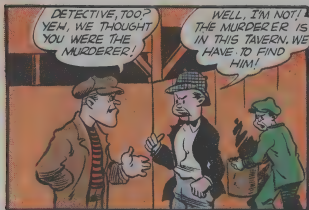


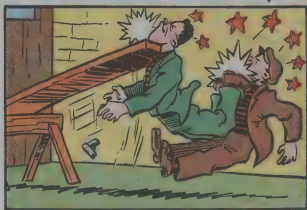
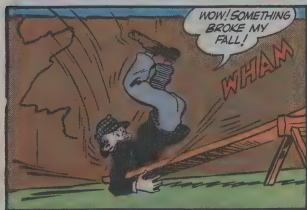
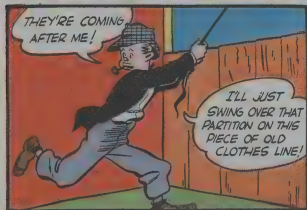
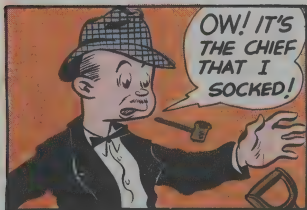
# POKEY BEEZER











# ACTION STUFF BY ERIC CARTER

**J**OHNNY SHEAN put down his megaphone and signaled the cameraman to stop grinding. Grimacing, the cameraman, Ben Boyd, slung the light tripod and camera over his shoulder and walked over to where Johnny was bawling out his youthful cast in this amateur movie the gang was making.

"You fellows are supposed to be gangsters, fleeing from the police," he raged. "So when you come around that bend in the road come around fast!"

"But, Johnny," protested Willie Evans. "We came as fast as that old jalopy of mine would go. And Tim's car isn't any faster." He ventured a suggestion. "Why don't we make this picture another 'Grapes of Wrath'? The car would fit in nice then."

Johnny's voice was exasperated. By now the boys who were playing the FBI had come up. They listened as Johnny again explained. "First, the gangsters firing blanks, come around the bend. A bank has just been robbed and the FBI is after the mobsters. Here, wait a minute—"

Johnny ran down the road, stopped and waved his hands. Then he rushed back. "Right where I was," he said, "is where the gangster car should pass the camera going at least fifty. I'll mark it somehow. Nobody uses this old road anymore so it's safe to speed. And I know Willie can handle his car, if nobody else can. Now are you with me or against me?"

"Gosh, Johnny," they chorused. "We're with you. After all, we want the Winawasha Moviemakers Club to win the amateur movie productions tourney."

"Okay," Johnny said professionally. "On your way then. And come out shooting," he added as an afterthought.

Johnny and Ben, his cameraman, watched as the car turned

around and headed for the bend. "It'll take five minutes for them to get started," Johnny said. "So we'll have to hurry and mark the spot where the cars will flash by the camera. Here, we'll use your car, Ben. It's small and won't appear in the picture."

Ben's protests fell upon deaf ears. The car, a bantam model, was his pride and joy. But when Johnny explained nothing could happen to it, he agreed to use it as a marker on the side of the site Johnny had selected. "Willie will set it there," Johnny said, "and race his car. That way we'll get a good action shot."

Johnny climbed into the small car and drove it where it would serve as a marker. It sat upon a slight incline, but Johnny figured, that wouldn't show in the picture.

Ben had his camera set up. Seeing Johnny leave the car, he cried plaintively: "Listen Johnny, I want—"

"Never mind," Johnny said, excitedly. "Here they come now." The sound of pistol fire reached their anxious ears. "Start cranking Ben," Johnny cried. "And don't miss a thing!"

Directorial eye alert, Johnny watched the progress of the dilapidated car as it rounded the bend and raced ahead. "Good work, Willie," he murmured. "You're sure getting plenty of speed out of it."

Appreciatively, he watched as the FBI car came around the bend. Then he goggled. What had happened? These weren't FBI men—they were uniformed officers! How had the boys gotten those suits?

Johnny's heart leaped as he suddenly realized he wasn't looking at his actors. Those were real cops!

And the others? He couldn't be sure as the car zoomed past him. What had happened? What was Willie trying to do?

"Johnny, my car. Look!"

There was anguish in Ben's voice, but his eye was still glued to the camera as he cranked.

His car was sliding down the incline, straight into the path of Willie's ancient vehicle. Too late, the driver of the latter swerved. There was a loud explosion as tires blew out. The car crashed into the cliffs lining the mountain road.

Ben's eyes were wet as he shouldered his camera and ran with Johnny to the collision. Police were pulling strange men from the wreckage of Willie's car.

Dazed, Johnny heard Ben say: "They didn't hurt my car. But no thanks to you, Johnny. I tried to tell you not to park it on an incline. The brakes wouldn't hold."

Johnny heard these words in a daze. Police Chief Weber was talking to him and saying: "You sure saved the day, Johnny. These mugs held up a bank in town, and figured on getting out over this old highway. When their car broke down, they seized one you boys were using. We saw them from the other hill." His eyes strayed to Willie's wrecked car. "We could have caught that on a bicycle," he added. "But you can be sure the bank will replace it." His men hustled the thieves into the police car.

Weber's eyes fell on the camera. "So you lads are making another movie, Johnny," he said. "That's fine. Keeps you out of mischief."

Weber, hustled his burly figure into the car as an excited Willie and his "thugs" came up. "By the way, Johnny," Weber said kindly, "I don't want to spoil your fun, but be careful out here. Anything can happen. This isn't the movies, you know."

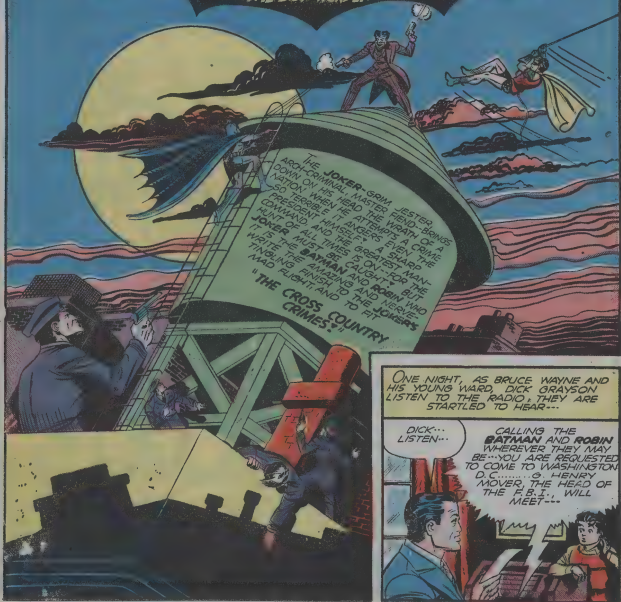
Johnny smiled as the police car rolled away. "No," he said, softly. "It isn't the movies. Just wait until you see this picture!"

THE END



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -



THE JOKER - GRIM JESTER,  
ARCH-CRIMINAL, MASTER FEND-BRINGS  
DOWN ON HIS HEAD THE WRATH OF A  
NATION WHEN HE ATTEMPTS A CRIME  
SO TERRIBLE HE ANGERS EVEN THE  
PRESIDENT. IT ANGERS THE  
COMMAND AND THE SHARPEST  
MIND OF ALL TIMES. THE GREATEST MAN-  
JOKER MUST BE CAUGHT. BUT  
IT IS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN WHO  
WRITE THE AMAZING AND NERVE-  
TICKLING FINISH TO THE JOKER'S  
MAD FLIGHT AND TO FIT  
"THE CROSS COUNTRY  
CRIMES."

ONE NIGHT, AS BRUCE WAYNE AND  
HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON  
LISTEN TO THE RADIO, THEY ARE  
STARTLED TO HEAR---

DICK...  
LISTEN...

CALLING THE  
BATMAN AND ROBIN  
WHEREVER THEY MAY  
BE--YOU ARE REQUESTED  
TO COME TO WASHINGTON  
D.C. .... O. HENRY  
MOVER, THE HEAD OF  
THE F.B.I., WILL  
MEET...

... AND WILL PERSONALLY DELIVER THE GOOD WISHES OF THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT FOR YOUR EFFORTS IN RIDDING THIS COUNTRY OF CRIME... THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF REQUESTS YOUR APPEARANCE... SO DO NOT...

LET'S GO! THOSE ARE ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON!

WOW!

NOW THESE TWO BECOME THE TWIN TERRORS OF ALL CRIMINALS--THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...

THE BATMOBILE ROCKETS THE DYNAMIC DUO TO WASHINGTON WHERE THEY LEAD A GREAT TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION INTO THE CITY AS THE PEOPLE CHEER WILDLY.

WELCOME TO BATMAN and ROBIN

I WANT TO SEE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BATMAN! AND ROBIN!

WOW!

HURRAY!

LIFT ME UP HIGH, MOMMY.

G. HENRY MOVER HIMSELF GREETES THE HEROES--

IT'S INDEED A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU TWO--

ROBIN AND I CAN NEVER HOPE TO BE AS THOROUGH AS YOUR G-MEN, MR. MOVER!

SUDDENLY A SINGLE, STACCATO SHOT RIPS THROUGH THE AIR!

CRACK!

I MISSED YOU, BATMAN! BUT I'LL GET YOU AGAIN SOME OTHER TIME! HA! HA!

WHO IS THIS TERRIBLE, MENACING FIGURE? CAN IT BE... YES, IT IS... THE JOKER!

THE JOKER DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW! MOMENTS LATER, PURSUING POLICE REAPPEAR--

NOT A TRACE OF HIM!

WE'LL FIND HIM IF WE HAVE TO TURN THIS COUNTRY UPSIDE DOWN!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE IDLE EITHER!

AS THE SHOCKED NATION LISTENS--

TONIGHT THE CAPITAL IS STILL TALKING ABOUT THE BRAZEN ATTACK OF THE JOKER--

THE MENACE OF THE JOKER MUST BE COPED WITH--

THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF TONIGHT ORDERS THE NATION'S POLICE FORCE TO BRING IN THE JOKER.

1

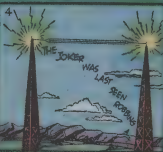
AND SO  
BEGINS THE  
GREATEST  
MANHUNT OF ALL  
TIME... AS ONE  
GREAT, RISING  
CRY SWEEPS  
ACROSS THE  
COUNTRY LIKE  
A PRAIRIE  
FIRE... "GET  
THE  
JOKER!"

CALLING  
ALL CARS...  
BE ON THE  
LOOKOUT FOR  
THE JOKER...

WANTED  
DEAD OR ALIVE  
The Joker!

\$200,000 REWARD  
FOR HIS CAPTURE

3 ...HEIGHT: SIX FEET  
TWO INCHES...COLOR  
OF SKIN IS BLANK  
WHITE EXCEPT FOR  
RED LIPS...HAIR:  
GREEN...THE  
JOKER IS...



WE'RE  
GOING  
AFTER  
THE  
JOKER!

NOT JUST GOING  
AFTER HIM...  
WE'RE GOING  
TO GET THE  
JOKER  
THIS TIME!



A SMALL RADIO STATION NEARBY--

---AS YET, THE JOKER HAS NOT APPEARED IN THIS TERRITORY AND---

YOU SPEAK TOO SOON!

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN-- THIS IS A SPECIAL PROGRAM COMING TO YOU FROM THE JOKER! HA! WAY TO THE POLICE AND ESPECIALLY THE B.A.M. I HAVE THIS TO SAY--- YOU MAY LOOK FOR ME, BUT YOU WON'T FIND ME!...

AND ON A LONELY ROAD SOMEWHERE--

..I-- THE JOKER--- LAUGH AT YOUR EFFORTS---YOU HEAR ME---LAUGH! HA! HA!

IT'S HIM! EVERYBODY LOOKING FOR HIM, AND HE MAKES A SPEECH! WOW!

THAT WAS STATION ROB---A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE! I'LL HEAD RIGHT FOR IT!

BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY FIND THE JOKER IS....

GONE! THE JOKER'S GONE!

YES--- BUT HE'S LEFT SOMETHING FOR US!

THE FIRST CLUE?

GUESS WHERE I AM GOING NOW, BATMAN-- HA! HA! HA!

WHAT'S IT MEAN?

THE JOKER'S JUST TOLD US HE'S GONE TO NEW JERSEY-- AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL PICK UP HIS TRAIL! C'MON!

A SMALL TOWN SOMEWHERE IN NEW JERSEY....

GOOD PLAY EH, JOHN? I HEAR THE VANDGILTS ARE LETTING THE ACTORS USE THE REAL VANDSILT DIAMONDS FOR TONIGHT'S OPENING PERFORMANCE--

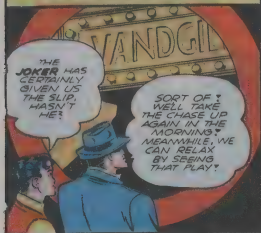
GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT! HALF A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH O'GEMS LENT BY THE PEOPLE CONCERNED IN THE PLAY!

VERY INTERESTING.....

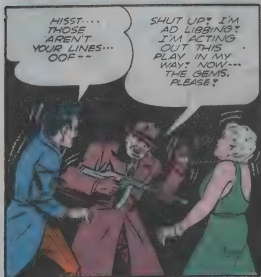
STRAIGHT FROM Broadway VANDGILTS A PLAY ABOUT THE FIRST FAMILIES OF OUR FA...



THAT NIGHT...TWO STRANGERS WALK THE STREETS OF THE TOWN--BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON?

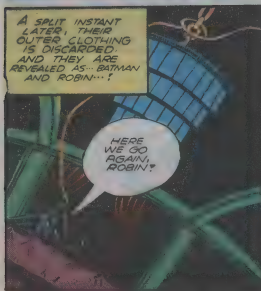


BRUCE AND DICK ARE GIVEN SEATS IN THE DESERTED BALCONY AS THE PLAY BEGINS.



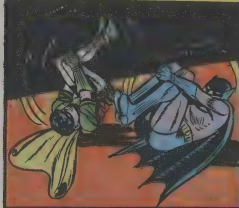
SUDDENLY, THE GANSTER RAWS AT HIS FACE, UNDER CLEVER MAKEUP IS THE TAUNTING, GRINNING FACE OF... THE JOKER!

ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL SHOW YOU THIS IS NO PROP MACHINE GUN... BUT A REAL ONE THAT SHOOTS REAL BULLETS!





THEIR TRAINED BODIES CUSHION  
THE PLUNGE WITH THE OLD  
ACROBATIC STUNT OF ROLLING  
OVER AND OVER AS THEY HIT  
THE FLOOR?



EVEN AS **ROBIN** STARTS  
TO RISE, THE **JOKER**  
LEAPS FORWARD AND  
RAKES THE BOY'S HEAD  
WITH A SAVAGE BLOW?

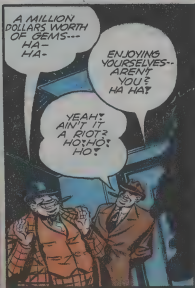
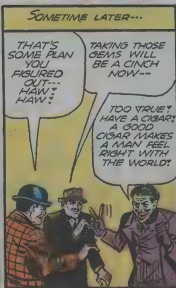
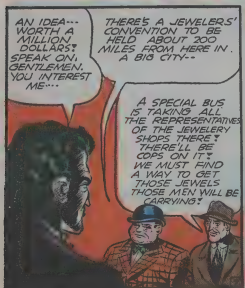
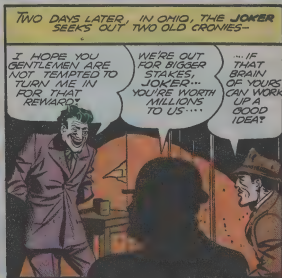
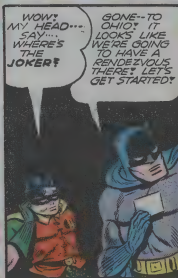
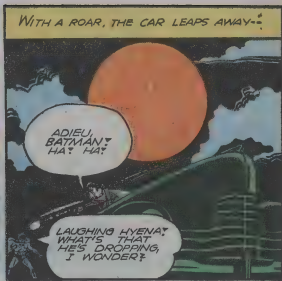
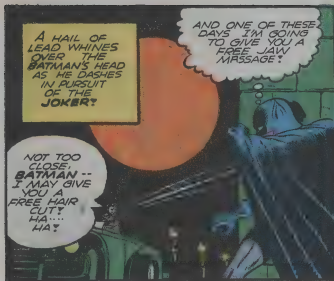


AH--AH?  
STAY BACK,  
**BATMAN**?  
ONE FALSE  
MOVE FROM  
YOU OR  
ANYBODY  
HERE, AND  
THIS BOY  
DIES?

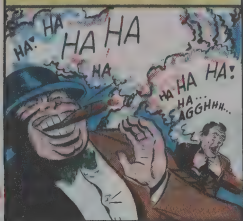


THEN AS  
THE  
**JOKER**  
REACHES  
THE  
DOORWAY,  
HE ACTS  
SWIFTLY--  
HE HURLS  
**ROBIN**  
FORWARD.

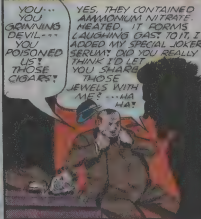




WILDER AND STILL WILDER GROWS THE LAUGHTER. SUDDENLY, ONE MAN GRASPS CONVULSIVELY AND CLUTCHES AT HIS THROAT...



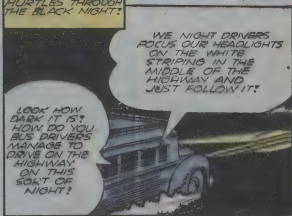
HIS BODY SINKS TO THE FLOOR, LIPS BREZZING INTO A TERRIBLE JOKERS GRIN?



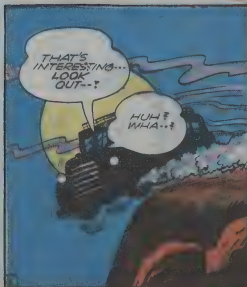
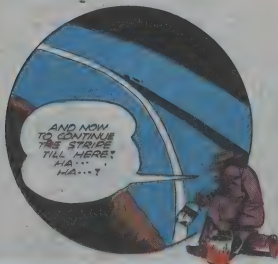
AND THAT NIGHT... A MAN TOILS TIRELESSLY ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY...



SOME DISTANCE BACK - A SPECIALLY CHARTERED JEWELER'S CONVENTION BUS HURTTLES THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT!



LOOK HOW DARK IT IS! HOW DO YOU BUS DRIVERS MANAGE TO DRIVE ON THE HIGHWAY ON THIS SORT OF NIGHT?



A REVERBERATING CRASH REACHES THE EARS OF THE TWO OCCUPANTS OF ANOTHER CAR ON THE SAME HIGHWAY!



TWO MANTLED SHAPES DROP DOWN TOWARD A MAN WHO BENDS OVER THE TWISTED WRECKAGE?





A SWIFTLY-DRAWN GUN  
SPRAYS JOKER GAS AT  
THE CHARGING ROBIN?

YOU ARE  
MUCH TOO  
IMPETUOUS?

THIS GAS IS DILUTED AND ONLY  
RENDERS THE VICTIM UNCONSCIOUS  
FOR A FEW MOMENTS?

NOW--  
IT'S  
YOUR  
TURN  
...  
UGH?

NOTE  
QUITE  
JOKER?

THE JOKER  
WHEELS AND  
FLEES, THE  
BATMAN IN  
FULL PURSUIT!  
THE CHASE  
TAKES THEM  
UP A  
MOUNTAIN  
SIDE--

A  
MONORAIL  
CART? A  
PERFECT  
ESCAPE?

I'LL SEE  
YOU AGAIN  
SOMETIME,  
BATMAN?  
HA? HA?

YOU'LL  
SEE ME  
SOONER  
THAN YOU  
THINK--  
IN FACT--

...EVEN  
SOONER?

OH  
YEAH?  
HA?  
HA?

A UNEXPECTED  
VICIOUS KICK  
ALMOST SENDS  
THE BATMAN  
PLUNGING INTO  
YAWNING  
SPACE?

AH?  
THAT ONE  
MUST HAVE  
HURT--EH,  
BATMAN?

THEN--

WHAT...?  
THE CAR'S  
MOVING THE  
OTHER WAY--  
BACK WHERE  
IT STARTED!

YOU'LL  
DROP  
RIGHT  
INTO MY  
HANDS  
NOW, JOKER!

THE ANSWER: ROBIN  
HAS RECOVERED FROM  
THE GAS AND PULLED  
THE SWITCH THAT  
WILL SEND THE CAR  
BACK--WITH THE JOKER  
IN IT!

BUT YOU  
FORGET I  
KNOW A  
TRICK OR  
TWO MYSELF..

SEE  
YOU  
AGAIN?  
HA HA!

BEFORE  
THE ASTOUNDED  
BATMAN AND  
ROBIN  
CAN RECOVER  
FROM THIS  
UNEXPECTED  
MOVE, THE  
JOKER  
MAKES  
HIS  
ESCAPE!

LATER--THEY FIND  
THE THIRD CLUE!

KANSAS, EH? IF  
THAT'S THE JOKER'S NEXT  
MOVE, IT'S OURS,  
TOO!

THE BATMOBILE ROCKETS  
THRU STATE AFTER STATE  
ON THE TRAIL OF THE  
ELUSIVE JOKER!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN  
CLING TO THE TRAIL  
WHEN STARTLING WORDS  
SNAP THEM UPRIGHT--

CALLING ALL  
CARS? THE  
JOKER HAS BEEN  
SEEN ENTERING A  
HOUSE ON  
2255 CONCOURSE  
AVE. ....

THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN  
FIND THE  
SUSPICIOUS  
DWELLING  
SURROUNDED  
BY POLICE--

SO  
THE  
JOKER'S  
IN THERE,  
EH?

YES...  
AND  
THIS  
TIME WE'RE  
GOING TO  
GET HIM?

WITH THE  
POLICE CHIEF  
AND AN  
ASSISTANT,  
THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN  
PAD SOFTLY  
UP THE  
CREAKING  
STAIRS---

THAT'S  
HIM?  
THAT'S  
THE  
JOKER?

LET'S  
GET  
HIM?

BUT AS THE MEN SPRING ON THE SEATED  
FIGURE... A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH--AND  
AN INVISIBLE HAND HURLS THEM BACK  
TO SHOCKED UNCONSCIOUSNESS ON THE  
FLOOR?

LATER--

MINUTES LATER-- A DAZED GROUP  
RISES TO ITS UNSTEADY FEET--

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

DON'T TOUCH  
THAT-- YOU'LL  
GET ANOTHER  
ELECTRIC SHOCK--  
THE JOKER  
RIGGED UP AN  
ELECTRICALLY  
CHARGED DUMMY  
TO FOOL US? THE  
FIEND?

THE  
FOURTH  
CLUE IS  
FOUND  
ON THE  
FLOOR--

I WONDER  
WHY  
HE  
CROSSED  
OUT  
THE  
"D" IN  
DELAWARE?

THAT'S BEEN  
PUZZLING ME,  
TOO! AND LOOK  
AT THE FIRST  
CLUE-- HE LEFT  
US-- THE "NEW"  
HAS BEEN CROSSED  
OUT OF NEW  
JERSEY-- WHY MUST  
BE A REASON--

NEW JERSEY...  
OHIO...  
KANSAS...  
HOLY SMOKE!  
WHAT A  
FOOL I'VE  
BEEN...  
I'VE GOT  
THE ANSWER  
NOW?

THE BATMAN WRITES A LIST OF THE CLUES...

LOOK WHAT THE LETTERS OF EACH STATE SPELL OUT AFTER WE CROSS OUT "NEW" AND THE "O" OF DELAWARE!

JERSEY IS "J"... THEN "O"... THEN "E"... WHY, THEY START TO SPELL OUT THE JOKER'S NAME...

New Jersey  
Ohio  
Kansas  
& Delaware

AND ADD THE "R" OF RHODE ISLAND - JOKER! THE J EGGOTISTICAL MANIAL HAS SPOILED HIS NAME ACROSS THE COUNTRY. INSTEAD OF GOING TO DELAWARE AS HE EXPECTS US TO ---

I KNOW-- WE'RE GOING TO RHODE ISLAND-- WE'LL BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF HIM--

New Jersey  
Ohio  
Kansas  
& Delaware  
Rhode Island

TWO DAYS LATER--

"HAT HAT" "I, NAMTAB WILL STOP AT THE FRAY HOTEL AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND. NAMTAB, IT IS RUMORED HAS WITH HIM THE JOKER'S DIAMOND, ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD..."

PROVIDENCE, EH-- I'LL BE THERE AND AWAY BEFORE THE BATMAN-- THE DIAMOND IS MINE!

FRAY HOTEL--- THE JOKER'S KNUCKLES RAP SHARPLY ON I, NAMTAB'S DOOR--

COME IN!

YOU! THE BATMAN!

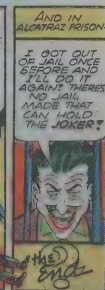
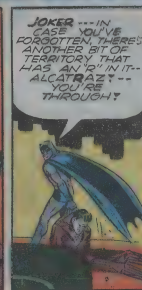
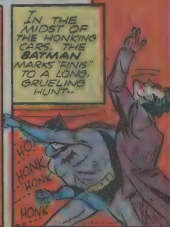
ALSO I, NAMTAB... BATMAN REVERSED. I KNEW IF I USED A DIAMOND AS BAIT IN THE NEWSPAPER, YOU'D BITE-- AND YOU DID!

I'M NOT CAUGHT YET, BATMAN! NOT YET!

BUT YOU SOON WILL BE, BROTHER-- YOU SOON WILL BE!

YOU LITTLE BRAT-- GET OUT OF MY WAY!



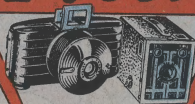


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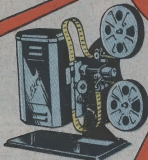
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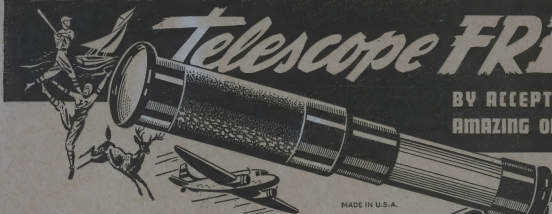
City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

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"It's a Humdinger,  
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lower it for short. Aim  
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